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WHY NO ARMISTICE IN GREECE?

With most of our countrymen we had set our hopes on the ending of the shameful war in which we are involved in Greece by the conclusion of an armistice at Christmas. Everyone felt that Mr. Churchill, by flying to Athens while most of us were on holiday, had shown once more the spirit and vigour that are the foundation of his fame. Since he had consented to meet the spokesmen of E.A.M. and E.L.A.S., people concluded that he had realised that he was misinformed when he described them as "ruffians" and "bandits." From Printing House Square to Trafalgar Square public opinion in this country had spoken, nor had it been silent in Paris and New York. Even more loudly events had argued against the folly of this military diversion. To send British troops to Athens while von Rundstedt was invading Belgium was a folly which history will labour in vain to understand. Instead of mowing down our Greek allies in the shadow of the Parthenon, we should be welcoming their help, as General Alexander said, in the dragging campaign for the liberation of Italy.

Disappointingly, Mr. Churchill's exhortation to E.A.M.. to leave off fighting contained no constructive plan for a settlement, but reiterated General Scobie's demand for unconditional disarmament. After the British Ministers withdrew from the Archbishop's conference a futile wrangle ensued. In principle, agreement on a Regency was reached; but the Right-wing supporters of Papandreou refused the surely very moderate proposal that E.A.M. should have a half-share in a new all-party Government, and that all monarchist or semi-Fascist formations should be disarmed at the same time as E.L.A.S. laid down its arms. The conference, in fact, seems to have ended in a deadlock which Mr. Churchill apparently proposes to refer to a meeting of the Big Three. In the meantime, fighting goes on.

The broad fact, as we see it, is that E.A.M. is now in undisputed possession of the whole of Continental Greece, with the exception of Athens and the Piræus. It has in the last few days entered Jannissa and defeated the half-hearted guerillas who followed Colonel Zervas. It is, in short, the *de facto* government of this Allied country, and it is ridiculous to treat its forces as "rebels" and "mutineers." Arrayed against it there are now only the Royalist Mountain Brigade, which we armed after a purge, the Fascist gendarmerie of Athens, and a handful of politicians, dating from the era that ended with King George's Fascist *coup d'état* in 1936. The parties for which they claim to speak are merely memories: they took no part in the gallant movement of resistance and owe their standing in the present as in past negotiations solely to the fact that Mr. Leeper selected them.

What in this situation is our status and our duty? The fact that at Teheran Marshal Stalin and Mr. Roosevelt may have placed Greece within our sphere of influence gives us no right to claim this people's obedience or to occupy their country. It is not to our arms that it owes its liberation. That we have food to bestow does make it expedient that small bodies of our men and officers should be admitted—in fact, they were welcomed with flowers—to see that our help is distributed in an orderly and impartial way. But bombing planes are not the handiest instruments for distributing food. We have also a right to ask for the full use of the Piræus and other ports so long as we are engaged in operations against the common enemy in the Islands. Our contribution must be to withdraw our Royalist levies from Athens: there is work enough for the Mountain Brigade in Crete or Rhodes. What we require from Mr. Churchill is not a solution of the intricate tangle of Greek politics; what his countrymen expect of him is that he should concentrate on securing an armistice in Attica.

Governments-to-be

In a Christmas broadcast to the people of Czechoslovakia, Dr. Benes has outlined the plans of his government and added that if Czechs "stand by each other loyally and frankly, there will be no struggle at home, nor disturbances, nor street fighting." In this highly important statement Dr. Benes promises "a new Czechoslovakia, not a return to 1938," and a new constitution "with decentralised administration particularly for Slovakia," to be built "from the bottom, from the local community to the district, the province and the State." This sounds like a Federation, almost on Soviet lines. A new Government of the National Front, including representatives of all political shades (except the Fascists and collaborators) is promised. The experience of Greece and Belgium has not been lost on other exile governments. The first to heed the writing on the wall was Dr. Gerbrandy of Holland. Unfortunately his forecast of a new Parliament may be interpreted as a threat of a nominated assembly rather than a promise of democracy. The Prime Minister of Norway, on the other hand, in a broadcast on Tuesday night, definitely stated that his Government would resign at the first Cabinet meeting held in Oslo after the liberation of his country.

Frontiers and Alliances

The French provisional Assembly has unanimously ratified the alliance that General de Gaulle brought back from Moscow. More important than its text is the inference which emerged from M. Bidault's speech, that these two Powers will support one another in whatever policy each may elect to pursue in its own region of Europe. He said specifically that France will support Russia in annexing to Poland all German territory east of river Oder and its tributary the Neisse. This is the first time that Russian support for the extreme Polish claims has been publicly and officially disclosed. A "clean sweep" is to be made of a German population of about ten millions in order to find room for the Polish minority of about two-and-a-half millions, which finds itself on the wrong side of the Curzon Line. In this way it is hoped that a Poland will be created "strong enough to resist Germany." It might be more accurate to say that deserts have their uses in any scheme of defence in depth. Logically enough France will now recognise the Lublin Committee as the *de facto* government of Poland. About Western Germany, M. Bidault was less explicit. He insists on "control" over Westphalia, Ruhr and Rhineland, including their industry, but did not make it clear whether France wishes to annex any part of this area, or insists on detaching it from the Reich—if any Reich survives.

The Remembered Army

In promising Parliament that high priority would be given to making good the remaining deficiencies (to which Lord Munster's report drew attention) in the welfare arrangements provided for British troops in India and the South-East Asia Command, the Prime Minister evinced awareness of the serious consequences that might arise if the campaign in the East became too unpopular in the soldier's eyes. On the material side everything possible will now be done: more beer, better locally made cigarettes, improved canteen services supplemented by ampler entertainments, quicker mail services, greater comfort in camps and cantonments—all these will be forthcoming. The factor which Mr. Churchill overlooked is the spiritual one. India, he said, was a country devoid of "ordinary European amenities of life," all of which had to be imported for the troops. But would the army assembled there for a war to liberate Burma and Malaya feel so "forgotten" and isolated, and be so dependent on imported beer, 'baccy and bands, if it were given any encouragement to establish friendly relations with the people of India? The picture presented by Lord Munster, and apparently accepted by the Prime Minister as inevitable and natural, is one of an alien army based in a land with whose innately hospitable population the individual soldier never fraternises, and whose customs and culture he is taught to despise. In such a situation a citizen army, whose members (we would remind Mr. Churchill) bear little resemblance to Kipling's "Soldiers Three," is unlikely to find happiness or belief in its mission.

Legacy of Havoc

Slowly relaxing their grip on northern Norway, the Germans, as they move south, are leaving a frozen waste behind them. Most of the population of Eastern Finnmark evaded deportation and are being succoured by the Russians to the best of their ability; but in Western Finnmark the Germans demolished every dwelling and drove 30,000 men, women and children before them to Tromsø and Narvik. In Nordland, crowded with refugees and German troops, famine now prevails, and if the process of "scorching" continues at each stage of the German withdrawal Norway will perish. Provision of aid, however, is a difficult problem. Recognising that Norway can hardly rely for liberation on Russian forces operating from remote Kirkenes, Hr. Nygaardsvold, the Norwegian Premier, pleads for an Allied landing—presumably at Trondjem or Bergen—to take the retreating Germans in the rear. The layman cannot judge whether that is a feasible operation; in any case active hostilities on Norwegian soil might aggravate civilian sufferings. Sweden is in the best position to give shelter to refugees; and, by agreement with the Norwegian and Russian Governments, Swedish forces might well enter Norway on the heels of the German evacuation, bringing relief supplies of food and medicines.

Viceroy and Princes

An almost impenetrable black-out obscures all that is happening in India, and the dispute between the Chamber of Princes and the Viceroy is no exception. The only hard fact is that in protest against some recent initiative of Lord Wavell the whole Standing Committee of the Chamber has resigned. It seems that the Princes, not for the first time, sought some pledge that the treaties which (as they interpret them) guarantee their sovereignty shall be maintained inviolate, if and when India becomes a self-governing Federation. They are said to have asked for a recourse to arbitration to settle any dispute between a Prince and the Paramount Power. These claims Lord Wavell would not countenance. But what was the fresh turn of policy at New Delhi which led the Princes to assume this aggressive-defensive attitude? The compulsory grouping of some little States in Kathiawar, too small to be possible units for a civilised administration, under the big and progressive State of Baroda, may have had something to do with it. Wavell is also said to be pressing the Princes, mostly still feudal autocrats, to concede effective representative institutions and civil rights to their subjects. But the chief matter in dispute turned round the long-term economic plans, which Sir Ardeshir Dalal as Member for Planning in the Viceroy's Council is working out. A planned economy is impossible in India if the States retain their anarchical autonomy. The tendency now is for new industries to gravitate to the States, because the level of taxation is lower there than in British India, while in most of them labour legislation is non-existent or nominal. If any orderly attempt is to be made after the war to develop Indian resources and raise the people's standard of life, whether on the lines of the Bombay Plan or otherwise, the problem must be tackled by a Central Authority far All India.

The Future of Albania

Although the greater part of Albania has been free some weeks, very little news is yet available about the work of the Provisional Government led by General Enver Hoxha. Recently we summarised its programme, further details of which are now given in an article by Sefulla Maleshova, Minister of Education in the present Hoxha Government. The partisans come out firmly for a Balkan Federation. In addition to the measures we have already reported, which confiscate the property of traitors and turn over concessions previously held by Germans or Italians to the State, Hoxha proposes to make a determined attempt to eliminate agrarian feudalism and to parcel out the land to free peasants and farmers. All tithes are to be abolished and debts owed by the poor to the State or to landowners are declared void. Special help is to be given to the families of killed or injured partisans, and war invalids will receive a guaranteed pension. Destroyed villages are to be rebuilt by the State. The working day is to be limited to eight hours and workers are to have a minimum of two weeks' holiday a year. Women are to be emancipated—a revolutionary measure in part-Moslem Albania—and given equal educational opportunity. For this new Albania there is no question of a return to the backward feudal State that was overrun by the Italians. No emigré Government exists to dispute the title of the partisans, and King Zog has hardly the same chance of the support of Churchill as his Greek neighbour. Whilst the partisans announce that a plebiscite on the monarchy will be held, to judge from the Left politics of the National Liberation Movement it seems unlikely that he will be asked to return.

The Horticultural Racket

Our Parliamentary correspondent last week mentioned briefly a debate which disclosed the facts that Sir George Courthorpe, M.P., Chairman of the Forestry Commission, was also Chairman of English Forestry Association Ltd. of Reading, and that this company (originally a landlords' co-operative society) had sold retail for £17 10*s.*, *plus* 20*s.* 6*d.* for packing and carriage, 2,000 larch seedlings which it purchased wholesale from the Forestry Commission for £7 10*s.*—a price in itself, admittedly, much above the Commission's production costs. We make no personal aspersions whatever on Sir George Courthorpe, who admitted that he was "not happy" at his company making a middleman's profit of 140 per cent. out of a transaction in trees which it had neither grown nor even handled. His defence (which we accept unreservedly so far as his personal position is in question) was that (*a*) the Forestry Commission had undertaken to market its surplus seedlings and transplants (numbering 5,330,000 in 1943-44) exclusively through firms enrolled in the Horticultural Trade Association; (*b*) the Commissioners had agreed not to undercut the H.T.A.'s fixed wholesale prices; and (*c*) that all H.T.A. members were bound to maintain a minimum retail price schedule which (we quote Sir George) is "much too high." Here, in short, is one more example of monopoly capitalism at work on its normal restrictionist lines. A Trade Association, of the type rapidly becoming universal in British wholesale distribution, "rings" the price of seedlings at a level which is patently extortionate. In this particular case a Socialist Government could break the stranglehold by instructing the Forestry Commission to sell direct to the public at fair prices. But the whole question of restrictive, price-rigging Trade Associations will have to be faced—and soon.

The Coalowners Withdraw

The coalowners have at last withdrawn their proposals for improving the efficiency of the coal industry by chastising the miners; and the two sides are sitting down in a joint committee to work out yet more plans for improving the situation without doing anything about it. At the same time Mr. Foot, the owners' new broom, is about to produce his own proposals for technical reorganisation; while the Ministry of Fuel and Power is presumably comforting itself for its impotence by compiling yet another White Paper analysing the continued decline in output. It is good, as far as it goes, that the owners have withdrawn their plan for fining the miners for not producing more coal; but it is impossible to believe that the new joint committee will be any more effective than the numerous predecessors which have studied the problem. Far be it from us to assert that nationalisation of the mines would of itself purge the industry of its evils; what we do assert is that without nationalisation there appears to be no prospect of the basic technical problems of the industry being squarely faced. The coal industry needs a technical revolution, of a kind that cannot be carried through without unified ownership, and a unified plan covering the exploitation of by-products as well as the extraction, by highly mechanical means, of the raw coal. The *treatment* of coal is as integral a part of the problem as the mining of it.

Non-Co-operative

The proposal to amalgamate the English and Scottish Wholesale Societies was approved by very large majorities in the Regional Delegate meetings of the English C.W.S., but was rejected by a two-to-one vote at the Scottish meeting before Christmas. The scheme included special safeguards for the Scots, providing that a certain minimum proportion of manufacturing development should be reserved for Scotland; but this did not satisfy the delegates of the Scottish local store which controls the S.C.W.S. Scottish Nationalism undoubtedly played some part in the decision, but so probably did the very progressive record of the S.C.W.S., which has generally been several steps ahead of the larger English Societies in co-operative sentiment, and has behind it a body of members among whom the feeling of co-operative loyalty is a good deal stronger than in many parts of England. Even apart from these considerations, there was something to be said against the fusion; for the English C.W:S., with its pre-war turnover of £125,000,000 was already so big as to raise awkward problems of managerial efficiency, and the addition of the Scottish Wholesale's turnover of £27,000,000, might have worsened the position unless the fusion had been accompanied by large measures of internal decentralisation. Presumably the idea of fusion will now be dropped in favour of closer working arrangements between the two bodies. There is already a capital joint English and Scottish Wholesale Society which acts for them both in certain trades, notably tea, and it should be possible to develop this joint body to handle the big problems that will arise in international trade as the Co-operative movements of the Continent resume their independent life

PARLIAMENT : Pause for Digestion

Parliament is in recess until January 16th. Members spent Christmas with hearts as heavy as their Llewellyn-crammed stomachs—though the news that the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary themselves had gone to Greece excited general approval and only a few misgivings; it was hoped that Mr. Churchill would listen to Macmillan rather than to the regrettable Leeper. Members' consciences, however, remained uneasy when they cast their minds back over their own recent contribution to a satisfactory European settlement: on Poland, three-quarters of the Tories were against the Government, and the Socialists were divided; on Greece, it must be said that the Left had briefed itself insufficiently, and—while correct instinctively on the broad issue—had failed to organise the bombardment of hard facts with which Eden's ingeniously garbled accounts of the situation could have been demolished. The anti-Soviet speeches in the Poland debate were at a higher level, in argument and in moral speciousness, than the pro-E.L.A.S. speeches in the Greece debates. It is to be hoped that Members will spend the recess in brushing up their wits, their news-sources, and their co-ordination of tactics. However, so many of them are dashing to the far corners of the earth—America, Russia, Italy, the Middle East—on official missions, to comfort the troops, on business, or just on jaunts, that the mere dull routine of providing effective debates in the House of Commons seems likely to continue to suffer.

No such charge of raggedness or unpreparedness can be made against their lordships in Another Place, where every debate is a ceremony, conducted with maximum punctilio and no sudden shocks. The Lords Faringdon and Strabolgi, neither of whom is *persona* precisely *grata* with most of his peers, put up on the whole a more substantial show than any of their comrades in the Commons; but their debate petered out *pianissimo* in a quaint moment of misunderstanding by the Lord Chancellor, who had thought of course that the Noble Lord, Lord Faringdon, was withdrawing his motion. Since he did not do so, it was necessary for a well-bred little chorus of "No" to penetrate Lord Simon's wig.

The most extraordinary fiasco of the few days before Christmas was an attempt by E. P. Smith (himself a playwright) to raise on the adjournment, with due notice, the action of the censor of plays in refusing a licence to a play in which Queen Victoria would have been impersonated. This was held to involve either the Royal Prerogative or legislation or both, and was therefore ruled out of order—despite anguished pleas by the Government spokesman that he wanted to answer Smith—after a hurly-burly in which Alan Herbert and others took part with gusto.

Geordie Buchanan led a vigorous but inconclusive debate on Scottish housing. Harvey usefully, drew the Speaker's attention to absenteeism among Members who had put questions for oral answer on the order-paper; some forty were not in their places when their names were called on one morning alone, and the absence of one respected Labour Member landed the House in some embarrassment, since Eden, replying to a later question, had occasion to refer back to the answer to a question which had not, in fact, been put. Although no doubt each individual absentee had some good excuse, Mr. Speaker had the cordial assent of those present when he said that such negligence was discourteous both to Ministers and to the House.

In all, most Members of Parliament have little to be proud of just now—except that, by a last kick of the heels, they managed to delay for a month the compulsory posting overseas of A.T.S. over 21, which the War Cabinet, in view of the acute man-power shortage in the Army, had considered urgently necessary.

Pontifex Minor.

HOW FAR TO VICTORY?

Summing up the military history of 1944, the Tacitus of to-morrow may well decide to adapt a phrase made famous by his predecessor and to describe the Allied High Command in the West as *dignus victoriæ nisi vicisset*. It had indeed been at great pains to "deserve a victory." Tending consistently to overestimate German (and underrate Russian) strength, it had postponed the "Second Front" until the resources for that momentous undertaking had been accumulated and prepared with meticulous care. The result was a resounding success which looked at one moment as if it might be decisive. It was not: the year ends with final victory to all appearance further from the Western Allies' reach than it was five months ago when their armoured divisions were streaming north and east from liberated Paris. In the first flush of a successful battle the Western High Command so underestimated the enemy's powers of resistance and recuperation that it gave itself latitude, in the military and political spheres alike, to run unwarrantable risks.

The stubborn battles in Normandy which followed the Allied landing on June 6, and reached no visible conclusion for nearly eight weeks, had coincided with a summer offensive launched by the Red Army on June 23. By the end of July the Russians in Central Poland had reached the gates of Warsaw, thus driving a deep wedge between the German armies on the Baltic and those still manning the defences of Rumania. At this moment the Russians halted their direct advance on the Reich. They had been counter-attacked, and locally repulsed, by fresh German divisions rushed to the defence of Warsaw; but their next moves were suggestive of a radical change of plan. Partly, we suppose, because they felt they would need Danubian grain and additional (satellite) man-power in the event of the war lasting through 1945, and partly because they may well have hesitated to strike for Silesia while their flanks were exposed to possible attacks from the powerful and still largely intact German Baltic and Southern Army Groups, they decided to play for safety. On August 22—a week after the Normandy battles had ended in a German rout—they opened their autumn campaign into the Balkans. On that task they concentrated. September and October, it is true, saw successful Russian operations designed to protect their right wing by pinning and wearing down the Germans in East Prussia and in their (now isolated) pocket in Latvia; but the main effort of the Red Army was the great advance through Rumania and Bulgaria (whose armies were impressed into the cause of the U.S.S.R.) and onwards across Hungary, past blazing Budapest, towards Bratislava.

It should have been obvious from the Russians' design thus disclosed that Marshal Stalin was under no illusion that a knock-out blow to Germany could be delivered at any rate before the early months of 1945. It may have taken more time and bigger exertions than he expected to overrun Hungary and get into position for a move against Silesia from the south; and until an unusually late date in December the muddy roads of Poland had not been sufficiently hardened by frost to facilitate a renewal of a direct, final assault towards Breslau. But when all allowance for these factors is made, the inference is unescapable that the wave of optimism which swept over the West in the first weeks of September did not reach Moscow. The Russians were playing for victory in 1945, and were taking no chances.

It was the Western High Command which gambled. First, the pursuit of the defeated enemy north and east of Paris was conducted on lines which would have been justifiable only on the supposition that he was too disintegrated to rally even behind the Rhine. Rightly, perhaps, it was decided to press on with the pursuit without waiting for the mouth of the Scheldt, giving access to Antwerp, to be cleared of enemy troops. But when air-borne troops endeavoured to secure the Rhine bridge at Arnhem, they met with unexpectedly fierce (and successful) resistance; and the thrust of the U.S. First Army towards Cologne lacked weight. The independent dash towards Metz which had been made by General Patton's Third Army had been magnificent; but it served no intelligible strategic purpose against an enemy able to rally in the Vosges, and it cost the Allies Cologne, which might have fallen in September to more concentrated attack.

Then followed the period of nearly two months in which the Allies cleared the Scheldt and got their wind for the second round. Everything points to the conclusion that the enemy's power of recovery was still greatly under-estimated. The curtailment of production schedules in war factories on both sides of the Atlantic, the switch-over of plants to manufacture for civilian consumption, the re-allocation of planned resources in favour of the Pacific war, the easy assumption that steel would be available for Portal houses, the ignoring of the new Tiger tank, the sudden announcement on the eve of Christmas that a British army shortage of 250,000 men must be made good—evidence abounds that President Roosevelt, Mr. Churchill and their military advisers must have reckoned in late summer that the war would be over before the end of the year. And this calculation must have been made on the supposition that, given Allied superiority in material resources, the psychological factor, no less than proved principles of strategy, could be neglected. When the Allies, in mid-November, began against the Reich a loosely co-ordinated offensive launched by six separate armies ill-enough disposed for mutual support, they met a Reichswehr not merely replenished with men, guns and tanks, but psychologically hardened into desperate resistance by the publication of plans (which lost nothing by Goebbels' re-telling) for the dismemberment and de-industrialisation of Germany after her acceptance of the still unqualified demand for "unconditional" surrender.

After a month of hard fighting the results of the winter offensive were strategically meagre. By mid-December, as in the case of all offensives, a point had been reached at which the initial impetus had began to peter out. The enemy was likely to look at this juncture for an opportunity for counter-attack. His decision to court, as he has done, a major battle of movement in the Ardennes argues that he had rebuilt his divisions during the autumn to a much greater extent than Allied optimists expected. (In estimating German man-power reserves, Allied intelligence must have been faulty or ignored.) It also argues that with Allied pressure in Italy lessened by the diversion of troops to Greece, the enemy felt he had a hope of securing a stalemate, in which nascent divisions of opinion in the Allied camp might arise and swell to his advantage, if he could deal General Eisenhower's armies such a blow that he would be able, before they recovered, to switch his Panzer divisions to the Eastern Front during the critical months of January and February.

There lies the crux of the battle now in progress. Profiting by surprise and (at first) by fog which grounded the Allies' aircraft, von Rundstedt has driven a deep salient into Belgium; he has done serious damage, and it is still too soon to assert with confidence that he has lost the initiative. But so far he has failed either to secure the vital centre of Liège or to envelop any considerable Allied force; and, for him, anything short of a victory which leaves his adversaries prostrate, and enables him to disengage and use in Poland his shock divisions, will be defeat. Less happily placed than Ludendorff in 1918, von Rundstedt is fighting his battle with the knowledge that Russian armies are massing for a blow which may be irresistible. The road through Cologne is not the only road to Berlin.

THE SECOND CHANCE

On the morrow of the first World War Dr. Sun Yat-sen put forward a gigantic plan for the economic development of the Chinese Republic. His contention was that the great resources released from the war effort could best be applied, over and above what was needed for the reconstruction of Europe's devastated areas, in opening up the vast interior of China, in facilitating a redistribution of the Chinese population, and in bringing to the Chinese people as a whole the advantages of modern industrial and agricultural techniques. Sun Yat-sen pleaded for the investment of foreign capital in China through a convention of the great Western countries on such lines as would avoid international friction; and he hoped that such an arrangement might give economic reality to the then untried League of Nations. The effect of his scheme, he argued, would be to give all the advanced industrial countries ample markets for their exports, which could be paid for by the surplus products of developing Chinese agriculture and extractive industry. Failing some such international arrangement, Sun Yat-sen prophesied two things—a recurrence of national economic rivalries and distresses, leading to a second World War, and an attempt by Japanese militarists to conquer China with a view to the development of its resources under exclusive Japanese control.

That Sun Yat-sen was prescient is clear enough. Why did so little come of these wise and ambitious projects? In the edition of his book, as reissued in 1928, it was argued that the Great Powers, which had surplus capital resources—especially the United States and Great Britain—had been for some time after the war too much occupied with European reconstruction to attend to Chinese needs or opportunities, but that, the work of rebuilding in Europe having been done, the required resources would soon become available for use in China. Ironically, what happened was that the cessation of American investment in Europe was followed, not by a diversion of resources to China, but, after an interval of feverish speculation at home, by a practical cessation of all investment, and by an epidemic of economic nationalism which was part of the general *sauve qui peut* accompanying, and aggravating, the world slump. Not shortage of the means of making capital equipment, but less excusable causes prevented the advanced countries from taking up projects of economic development in China or in other backward areas between the wars.

To-day, economists and politicians are again discussing the possibility of international action to equip the backward peoples with the means of improving their productivity, and therewith raising their standards of life. China is again in the picture, and so is Eastern Europe, where the rapid growth of population between the wars was every year making the need for industrialisation more pressing. Indian business men and Indian labour have prepared rival plans for the economic development of their vast country—plans which depend in part on the use of the huge sterling credits which India has accumulated during the war. There has been talk in both Europe and Asia of possible great power experiments on the lines of the T.V.A.; and in Africa the uneasy consciences of imperial administrators are suggesting the need for big investments designed to clear the interior of disease and prepare the way for a rise in native standards of cultivation and a growth of native industries. It is again being said, as Sun Yat-sen said after 1918, that international political action to keep the peace will succeed only if it is based firmly on international economic collaboration to make the world a richer and a happier place.

And yet . . . will any of these things be really done? Up to a point, the Bretton Woods Agreement provides for doing them, and the financing of them comes partly within the purview of the proposed International Bank. But the Bretton Woods decisions were designed to present the least possible offence to private business interests; and the Bank's scope—if it ever does come into active being—will be narrowly restricted by the provision that it shall do nothing to interfere with the operation of private enterprise. Private enterprise, however, has hitherto always taken the view that investment in backward areas ought to yield high profits to compensate for the real or supposed risks—political as well as economic; and there has been a further tendency for foreign capital to go into backward areas to develop, not the industries and services most needed by their inhabitants, but those which fit in best with the projects of this or that capitalist concern in the investing countries. Mining has been stimulated rather than manufacture of consumers' goods for the local market; and almost nothing has been done in most areas to improve the conditions for the peasant farmer, either through irrigation or the supply of electric power, or by giving him better facilities for marketing his produce. Investment has followed the line of economic imperialism, rather than that of development in the interests of the backward peoples, whose own attempts to establish industries have indeed often been hampered for fear of their competition with the industries of the advanced countries.

It is obvious that any plan of industrialisation designed to help the backward countries to achieve higher and more secure standards of living ought to be concentrated mainly on those objects—the raising of agricultural standards, the development of the essential services of transport and power, and the setting up of efficient factories for supplying the home market with mass-produced consumers' goods. It is also obvious that these are not the things to which big business will give priority of its own accord, and that most of them will not be done at all if the capital for them has to be paid for at rates of interest well in excess of those looked for on investments in the already developed countries. Cheap provision of capital is a necessary condition of getting anything done on a considerable scale; and the second condition is the control of the capital by agencies which put first the welfare of the peoples of the backward countries. This second condition will not be met simply by handing the control over to native capitalists, for they are just as likely as foreign capitalists to ignore popular welfare.

This means that development plans of the kind needed are not likely to prove workable except in the hands of strong, democratic governments in the borrowing countries—and even so only if their governments, or enterprises started under their control, are able to borrow capital for them on non-usurious terms. Certainly the Soviet Union, under a strong government, did manage to carry through a gigantic plan of industrial development practically without aid from foreign capital. But most of the backward areas that now exist are much less well placed for lifting themselves by their own boot straps. The Russians had vast open lands, vast mineral resources, including very useful supplies of gold, extensive forest areas: they were not suffering from pressure of population such as exists not only in Southern China and in India, but also over a large part of Eastern and Southern Europe. It was not easy, even for the Russians, to carry through their grandiose plans, especially in view of the additional strains imposed on them by the need to arm against their capitalist enemies. But it would be even harder for China, or India, or even Poland, to carry out any large plan of economic advancement without the aid of capital from abroad.

Not that these countries would need to borrow more than a small part of the capital required for such plans. Most of it they could get at home, out of the increased national incomes which the execution of the plans would at once bring into being. The entire argument advanced in favour of a full-employment policy in this country applies to development plans for the world's backward areas; and in precisely the same way such plans would be largely self-financing when they had once been got going. Some help would be needed; but the total would not be so big as to be beyond the capacity of the potential lenders if they, too, were working on the assumption of full employment.

But . . . will it happen? It is greatly to the world's interest that it shall happen; for, unless it does, how can we possibly expect the world to settle down to conditions of security and peace? It will not happen unless the Great Powers are governed by statesmen who have both the vision to think in terms of world economic possibilities and the will and the capacity to keep their imperious capitalist groups in order. It will not happen unless governments themselves lend the capital to the backward countries, or at least ensure the condition under which it can be lent at low interest rates. It will not happen unless the World Economic and Social Council projected at Dumbarton Oaks brings into existence the right co-ordinating machinery, and is able to make the Bank projected at Bretton Woods an instrument of its policy, rather than a tool of the private banking and financing interests. It will not happen at all unless Great Britain and the United States and the Soviet Union can be got to work together economically at the task on lines which by-pass ideological differences.

Yet it is plainly to the interests of the American and British, as well as of other peoples, that everything should be done to end the devastating poverty in which most of the human race still have to live. Even from the standpoint of capitalism, what could offer the capitalist system better hope of a new lease of life than a development of the Chinese, Indian, African and East European markets—a new world ready to be called in to restore the commercial balance of the old? Here is the new "frontier"; yet capitalism is afraid to pass beyond it, so that only the pressure of the peoples is likely to avail to force the road. The world needs new governments—not old ones put back by reactionary manœuvring—to let loose new powers of creativeness such as were released in Russia in 1917. The physical means to end poverty all the world over—though not, of course, in a day—exist: the greatest task is not to make new scientific discoveries or even applications of what has been discovered, but to spread existing knowledge more widely, and to put the means of using it into the hands of all the peoples of the earth.

A LONDON DIARY

I do not wish readers a happy New Year. I wish them a less bloody one. They will be lucky if they get it.

* * *

Where there are children there is always fun, or should be. Otherwise I thought people less anxious to maintain the convention of jollification than in previous war Christmases. The hope was strong that the main fighting would be over in Europe and the men coming home from the front; the disappointment that the Germans could still stage such a ferocious come-back was cruel, and the thought of the ghastly fighting in Belgium was never out of any one's mind. Added to that bitterness was the moral bewilderment and, in many cases, sense of shame about Greece. I met it everywhere, in the train and on the road and among a party of soldiers whose lorry broke down outside my door at Christmas midnight and who came in for a drink. A sergeant remarked that ". . . it made one wonder what the war was for." And an airman I picked up on the road said: "We are all confused about Greece. We know it can't be right that we should be fighting people who have just been fighting the Germans with us."

* * *

I never saw England look more lovely than in the frost and sunshine of December 25th and 26th, 1944. The effect of this solid hoar frost was uch finer than snow, for snow covers fields d trees and hedges with a blanket and makes a w world. The rime revealed the ordinary orld and transformed it. Every blade of grass od straight up, a dark green with a shield of ver, dazzling and brilliant. The willows and rches waved plumes, set with diamonds against e blue sky. Every branch was a magically-lit hristmas tree, every twig catching the light and rowing it back like a star. In the garden the ses, that have never ceased to bloom this year, re coated thickly, like those crystallised fruits d flowers we used to have at children's parties; picked them, buds and half-opened flowers ke, and in warm water they opened as if it were ne. I walked the ringing road and crossed the ckling turf. I met my friends on the way the pub ; on both sides we were a bit awkward out exchanging the usual greetings. The ather seemed a better subject than the season. we said : “ Wonderful morning, isn't it ? ” d then (in case we should be misunderstood), Grand for the boys that the planes can get out help them at last, isn't it ? ”

* * *

Three “ entertainments ” have made Christmas festival as far as I am concerned. The first s the Christmas carol concert at the National llery on Friday. Many of the carols were new me ; all were splendidly sung by the Fleet reet Choir. But the occasion was memorable cause Mr. Lawrence persuaded the huge dience to sing as a body. I came away feeling t a great tradition was still alive. We were community, celebrating, not only individuals gging our separate pleasures. The second was e little pantomime at the Players' Theatre ; very pertly done on its tiny stage, it was distinguished real beauty and imagination, as well as by the st adaptation of traditionally comic rhyming rse that I've heard. The third was the proamme arranged by Edward Sackville West on e wireless on Sunday night. The Christmas ems were specially written by Frances Cornford, uis Macneice, Vita Sackville-West, Edith twell, W. H. Auden, Henry Reed, and Laurie ee. They were strikingly unconventional and ive. The musical settings by Michael Tippett d Benjamin Britten's *chorale* confirmed the hope a serious and exciting musical revival in this untry.

* * *

I hear that Mr. Churchill's misunderstanding the Greek Resistance was so complete that, fore making his “ gang of ruffians ” speech, he ked the Greek Government for particulars of e criminal records of the leaders of E.A.M. hey could find no criminal records at all, except e sentence of six months for a sexual offence hich Ares Veloukhiotis served at the age of enty. Perhaps it was then that Mr. Churchill's sillusion began. Since then someone has been sy in Athens, and the *Daily Telegraph's* correondent, Richard Capell, has been provided ith a wonderful document which is said to have en purchased for £102 from E.A.M. It is leged to be a police record, showing that Ares s committed almost every crime imaginable, lminating in the massacre of 10,000 men. The thens police, which worked for Metaxas and the ermans, have not learnt caution. They should aw it mild if they want to be believed. I am re that Richard Capell believed every word he rote, but I cannot help thinking him a trifle ïve. My Greek friends here find the story a ke in somewhat bad taste. They recall incientally that Ares had a magnificent record of avery and was highly commended by the British 1942, when the Gorgopotamos bridge was own.

* * *

The *Telegraph* also did a good service publishing an interview with Mr. Papandreou, hich must have opened the eyes of a good many ople to his real political position. The *Daily erald* has dealt magisterially with this performce of Papandreou's. It is to be noticed that his more extreme supporters did not want a conference, and I do not think Mr. Papandreou did either. Mr. Churchill may have seen—certainly Mr. Eden must have seen—Britain being gradually edged into a position in which we are to fight the Greek people on behalf of a very small and quite unsupported group of Greek Right extremists. It may have been the realisation that this is a position from which nothing but shame and humiliation can follow that inspired Mr. Churchill's visit.

* * *

I wonder how many young Poles in this country are in the position of Mr. Szwalbe, a cadet officer of the Polish army, who has decided that he can no longer owe allegiance to the London Polish Government, while he is ready, indeed anxious, to fight under the authority of the National Committee of Liberation at Lublin ? I know about his position because I have seen the letter he has addressed to the Polish Minister of Defence in London. He writes from St. Andrew's University, where he is now taking his Honours degree in economics and political science. (Judging from letters I have seen about his work he is a serious and able student.) He writes to the Minister to say that he cannot serve as a soldier under the Polish Government in London, which he does not recognise as the democratic government of Poland, and asks to be released from the Army. He adds that his father, Stanislow, a well-known co-operator and Left-socialist (not communist), was one of the organisers of the underground resistance in Poland and that with many of his comrades he was denounced to the Gestapo by a security department of one of the London Poles' agencies in Poland. Clearly Mr. Szwalbe should be given the first opportunity of fighting for the Liberation Committee against the Germans ; he cannot be asked to fight for the London Poles.

* * *

Here is a recent incident reported from an Indian official who happens to belong, as he says, “ to what is grandiosely known as the Superior Revenue Establishment of the Government of India.” He explains that until recently the higher services were the close preserve of the Englishman and one of the articles provided that they must pass an examination in Hindustani within two years of entering the service. He goes on :

> A few months ago some zealous but unimaginative individual in the Central Secretariat discovered that I hadn't passed my examination. I got a letter threatening that further annual increments would be withheld if I didn't learn the native lingo and pass an examination in elementary Hindustani. In vain I tried to point out that I had already taken a University degree with Hindi as one of my subjects. There seemed nothing to do but to treat the whole thing as a huge joke and take my examination in elementary Hindustani. Then I decided to look up this regulation requiring me to take the exam., and made a great discovery. I found that officers who could pass the language examination in anything better than the lower standard were entitled to the following rewards :

Higher Standard	.. .. ..	Rs. 500
Interpretership 2nd class	.. ..	Rs. 1,000
” 1st class	.. ..	Rs. 1,500
Degree of Honour	.. .. ..	Rs. 3,000

> I knew I could walk through the Degree of Honour (whatever it might be) and three thousand seemed to be in the bank book. I blessed the man who thought of my being asked to take the examination and told them to name a date. I have now received a letter in which someone has “ the honour to direct my attention ” to another regulation, according to which no one can get a reward for passing an examination in a language which is his mother tongue. I have been asked to take the elementary exam. only, as Hindustani is my mother tongue !

* * *

Mr. E. H. Gilpin, himself a stalwart Liberal, who knew Philip Guedalla very well in the days of the Summer School when the Yellow Book was hatched, sends me some excellent further examples of Guedalla's wit. We all seem to have been borrowing from him ; he was apparently the originator of my favourite remark about waiting “ like an inverted Micawber, for something to turn down.” And it was he who spoke of the army of business men who invaded Whitehall at the end of the last war, saying that “ they founded a city of their own which was bounded on the north by Trafalgar Square and on the south by national bankruptcy. At the height of their activity, the noise of war was lost in their neighbourhood amid the sound of the grinding of axes ; and at the end of the war they faced with incredible gallantry the graduated impertinences of the Order of the British Empire.” Much better, because unelaborate and spontaneous, I think, is the remark about Duff Cooper. Gilpin said as Duff Cooper passed : “ He's one of the clever Tories, isn't he ? ” “ Oh, yes. He can sign his name—doesn't need to make his mark.” Similarly, of Sir John Simon : “ John Simon's a peculiar fellow ; for months on end he passes you as if he had never seen you, and then, all of a sudden, without any warning, he puts his hand on your shoulder and calls you by some other fellow's Christian name.” I like too his description of an economist as “ One of those people who proceed from fabricated data to foregone conclusions.” Mr. Gilpin rightly adds that Guedalla had the reputation, particularly at the Omar Khayyam Club, of being the wittiest of after-dinner speakers, and he tells a story which he says Guedalla enjoyed telling against himself. “ We were sent off together to a village meeting at a Surrey bye-election. When the meeting was over, and we were leaving the hall, a man came up and said “ Mr. Judalla, I want to shake you by the 'and. I enjoyed every word of your speech. It reminded me of Mr. 'oratio Bottomley in the days of 'is youth.”

* * *

Let it be noted as a proof of the strength of British traditions that on December 27th, 1944, the Court Circular in the *Times* (which has returned, on the Greek issue, to the high traditions of Delane) contained the following shattering announcement :

> Sir George and Lady Bettesworth-Piggott have left their apartment at The Plaza, New York, for the Ocean View Hotel, Palm Beach, Florida for the winter.

There was also some news that day about von Rundstedt. CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to E. Baxendale.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

There are not many turkeys to trouble the Post Office this year, but any amount of rabbits. The most tiresome repacking job of the season, said one of the workers, was a stew sent from London to Cambridge for a dog's dinner and wrapped in six newspapers. She poured off the gravy and gave it another chance.—Report in *Manchester Guardian.*

“ I have just completed five jumpers for children in the freed countries—and now Greece acts like this. It makes you sick.”—*Glasgow Evening News.*

Artist-scientist (Oxford), 33 languages, comparative philology, paints portraits from sitters or from photographs, undertakes all branches engineering architectural design ; designs, executes wall, ceiling frescoes, furniture, sculpture ; undertakes all branches literary, scientific research (any language), physical chemical analysis, mathematical calculations, abstractions.—Advt. in the *Times.*

A feature of the overhaul of the central working of the Conservative Party which Mr. Assheton has undertaken is the establishment of a Public Relations Department, to see that the Conservative case is not overlooked in the Press.—*Sunday Express.*

GERMANY'S FOREIGN WORKERS

I do hope that, at long last, you are growing out of that damned Marxist solidarity stuff, particularly so far as foreign workers are concerned. The line you ought to take with them is to stress your pride in being Germans.

THUS shouted Dr. Ley, Chief of the Nazi "Labour Front," at a mass meeting of German workers commanded to listen. It was in 1942, well over two years before General Eisenhower's timely appeal to the Nazi regime's foreign labour slaves; but it was neither the first nor the last time that the regime proved to be painfully aware of the danger of fraternisation between German and foreign workers, whilst all the time the ever more desperate shortage of manpower would demand further increase of forcibly imported labour.

As early as November, 1940 (and not counting close on a million Polish and French war prisoners working either in factories or on the land), there were 1.2 million civilians, about half of them Poles, doing forced labour. In 1941 the figure rose only by a few hundred thousands, but in March, 1942, there were 2.2 million civilian foreign workers and 1.6 million P.o.W. workers and an additional 300,000 Russian war prisoners employed on road work, etc., close behind the fighting zone. In the summer 1942 the figure rose only slightly, but in September a new conscription drive was started, and ever since the figure has risen steadily, to well over five millions in 1943 and to somewhere between ten and twelve millions to-day.

Working conditions and wages have varied and fluctuated very considerably. The worst treatment, at all times, has been the lot of the Russians and Poles. Danes once were among the more favoured, as can be gathered from this report of a Dane employed by the Junkers Works in Halberstadt:

> We work from 7.20 a.m. till 6.20 p.m. Most of us live in private houses with German families, where we only have to pay R.M.15 per week for lodging, supper and laundry. A meal at the works canteen can be had for 25 Pf. Wages are from 68 to 78 Pf. an hour, which after deductions leaves R.M. 30 to 35 a week, with the possibility of making an extra 33 per cent. by piece work. Most of us can afford to send home R.M. 60 a month. When we get leave we pay half the fare (R.M. 51), the Company paying the other half.

This was in 1942, however, whereas in recent months (particularly since the various risings in Copenhagen), the treatment of Danish workers has deteriorated. In the case of other nationalities, however, there has been recent evidence of special inducements and privileges, such as facilities for marriage (even by proxy), permission for food parcels, better wages and housing conditions, etc., all of which, of course, is due to the ever more crying need for not too unwilling manpower.

As to fraternisation with German workers, the Nazi rulers have, at all times, done their damnedest to stop it. Ever since 1941 this set of official rules has been displayed in every factory:

> The German workman is our brother. The foreigner is the enemy of our nation.
>
> A foreigner must not under any circumstances be entrusted with control of German labour.
>
> It is strictly forbidden to talk to foreign workers, except in connection with the work being carried on.
>
> No works owner or foreman may invite foreigners to his home or sit at the same table with them.

This and a great many similar orders and appeals have been consistently disobeyed. To quote only some non-German evidence (out of masses available), here is Jiri Hronek in an official Czech publication:

> . . . They are making frantic appeals to the German workers' racial pride, and when this fails, the Nazis resort to threats and severe punishment for making contact with foreign workers.

Or this *Daily Telegraph* interview (March 4th, 1942) by Peter Matthews with a Polish officer-cadet who, after his escape from camp, was helped on his way to freedom by a good many Germans providing him with food and shelter:

> . . . The Nazis are afraid of fraternisation with foreigners, and very heavy penalties are imposed upon Germans for acts of kindness . . . despite this official attitude, however, many Germans regard the foreigners more as fellow-sufferers than as enemies, and they are surprisingly frank in their conversation. . . . Prisoners keep themselves informed of the true state of affairs by getting accounts of the B.B.C. broadcasts from the Germans working beside them in field and factory. . . .

Or this interview with a Czech escaped from slave labour in Germany (*Daily Telegraph*, August 8th, 1941):

> . . . . The Gestapo and S.S. are not only watching foreigners on forced labour, they watch the German workers too. In their own factories, indeed, the Germans are under observation like convicts. Discipline is very strict, and besides the technical supervisor, a kind of disciplinary officer, who is armed, is posted in every workshop.

I have deliberately picked some fairly old examples from a time when the regime's war effort was still prospering; but there is also more recent evidence, such as various papers of July, 1944, describing how the Kattowitz Court sentenced two women to fifteen months and two years' hard labour respectively for showing sympathy to a foreigner, or the *Münchener Neuesten Nachrichten* of June 20th, 1944, reporting sentences of 1½ and 2½ years respectively for a similar "crime."

The Court columns of the German press are indeed a constant source of such evidence, and I could quote hundreds of sentences passed on Germans for such "crimes" as giving a foreigner a cigarette or a glass of water, forwarding his mail or allowing him to sit at table or to appear in a family snapshot.

No less significant is the fact that all these years the official Party organs had to keep lashing out against "uncalled-for friendliness and stupid sentimentality towards enemy aliens" (*Völkischer Beobachter* of March 12th, 1944), or this warning in the same paper of Dec. 29th, 1943:

> There are many who are so obliging towards the foreigners that they simply will not keep the natural aloofness that ought to be kept.

Significant too is the case where a Polish worker, whom his Nazi employer was cheating of a separation allowance due to him, had the courage to lodge a complaint with the proper ministerial department. The German official sent this note to the Nazi employer:

> The Pole is entitled to his separation allowance exactly like anyone else doing a job of work in Germany. You have no right to make your own tariff regulations. Next Friday I will check up to see whether you have properly met your obligation towards the Polish worker.

The chances are that by that time both these brave men, the Polish worker as well as the German official were on the way to a concentration camp, because the Nazi employer had simply passed the letter on to Himmler's own *Schwarze Korps* which published it with the vulgarly derisive comment to be expected from that paper. But the more significant point about this is that soon afterwards (a good many similar cases having happened), Hitler "purged" hundreds of "too soft" judges, appointed himself supreme Legislator, Judge and Executioner, and let Himmler go a big step forward in consolidating the power of the S.S. through occupying all key positions in the judiciary and the administration.

Nevertheless, the resistance movement and active sabotage and ca' canny could never be entirely stopped, and here too there is considerable evidence as to collaboration between German and foreign workers. I will only quote one Czech (Jiri Hronek) and one Belgian (*Le Nouveau Journal*) source:

> . . . The German shop steward warned the Czech workers on their arrival with the words: "Don't be in a hurry! *We* decide the tempo of the work here." The result is that a job that used take an hour now lasts half a day and more in m German factories.

And here the Belgian report:

> . . . The work demanded from us did come up to the normal speed we were used When we began at a good reasonable pace, German colleagues immediately interfered: "W the hurry? Take your time!"

Whatever the amount of solidarity between G man and foreign workers may have been, t much is certain: millions of persons living for ye among a foreign nation, sharing their work day lives, their homes, their troubles, dange anxieties, privations, cannot do this for such long time without getting to know each ot pretty well and without storing up a cert amount of friendship and good will for those w were kind to them, along with the bitter hat for those who tormented them.

The hatred will be quenched with the blo of the tormentors. But the good will and frien ship will live on.

HEINRICH FRAENKEL

THE REFUGEE TRAIN

The following is an extract from a letter written a private soldier in the M.E.F. to his wife in Engla

YESTERDAY I went working at the station on party of refugees. The duty clerk who took t message on the phone said that the train wou be in at four. The signal had said three a somebody had told the ambulance people that was more likely to be five. But it is always li this. You never know where you are with th refugee specials. Not until they get across t border and the R.T.O. rings you up and says th it will be O.K. to come down to the station. Wh he rang this time we packed into the ambulanc and were down there in less than half an hou It was twenty past three and the train was n expected for twenty minutes. We sat on the ta board steps of the ambulances smoking issues, n talking much because you don't feel like convers tion at that time in the morning. The driver w sat next to me said "Where's this lot come from? and one of the other orderlies who had seen t signal replied "Hungary, most of 'em. They' Jews what 'itler's told 'em they've got to get rid Reckon this lot's lucky as most of 'em probab got gassed. Bin reading about that in the pape Some as they've found in Poland. All piled up a 'eap in a gas chamber they was when t Russians got there."

The other orderly took a puff at his cigarett and blowing the smoke out in a long blue clou said, "It's a bastard when you come to think it. I remember we used to think it was propaganda, but apparently it wasn't. By God, it was one of mine as Jerry had done that to — Jews or no Jews, they're human beings same ourselves. Course, it's them bloody Gestapo th does it. From what I've seen of Jerry I do think the soldiers would go that far. I on worked at a P.o.W. camp for a while and th seemed decent enough there except for a few 'em as were out-and-out Nazis. I wouldn't ha put anything past them."

We could hear the distant whistling of t approaching train. In the sky above the eng sheds there was a faint red glow that told us t it would be daybreak within an hour. That wou be a blessing. When the trains arrived in t middle of the night it always took twice as lo to get through the sick and they seemed a l worse than they did in the daylight. In the p most of the refugees had been Greeks or Yug slavs. This was the first batch coming from far away as Hungary. "I bet they'll be glad get here," said the driver, "'ow far do yer reck it is from Hungary?" "Depends which w they've come," I replied. "Anyway, I shou think they'll have been travelling for the bigg part of a week." "Ah don't know so much said the driver, "'ave yer seen that notice in t station entrance which says 'Four and a-half da ter London'; course that was before the w

Orient Express a' think they called it. Be a bit of all right if we could go 'ome in four and a half days, wouldn't it?"

For a few minutes none of us spoke. I suppose we were all thinking of what the driver had said. Four and a half years, then four and a half days, nd there you were knocking at the door. The whistle sounded again, much closer, and in a few minutes we saw the shape of the huge black engine come round the bend up the line and move slowly owards us as we waited on the platform. The rain was a long one stretching the whole length of the platform. All the windows of the carriages were open and hundreds of eyes peered out into he dreary dawn anxious to discover the reason for the halt and the name of the station. It was ight enough now to see the figures clearly as they eaned out of the windows, a strange assortment of men and women who spoke in a tongue we had never heard before. Higher up the platform two Army trucks were drawn up and half a dozen oldiers began to lift thermos tea containers off he tail-boards. Some tables had been erected on the platform and the containers were placed on hem at one end. From one of the trucks the oldiers carried five boxes of bread and put them t the other end of the tables. A group of officials came hurrying up the platform, talking to ach other in German. They halted a few yards way from the ambulances and our Medical Officer went over to make enquiries regarding the ick in the party. I heard the tallest of the officials, whom I learnt later was the Jewish Agency representative sent from Palestine to upervise the arrangements, tell the doctor that he sick would be brought along immediately after hey had been fed. He did not think there would be many, and none serious enough to necessitate being sent to hospital. One of the officials blew a whistle and the doors of the carriages flew open, hree or four men emerging from each and unning up the platform to where the official tood. These were the section leaders apparntly, all with small coloured flags pinned on to heir jackets. They lined up in an orderly fashion nd the Agency representative addressed them in language which we could not identify but we uessed was Hebrew. After receiving instructions he men ran back to the carriages and began to hout their orders to the other passengers. Out of the windows were hurled bundles and baggage while the refugees themselves began to pour from he train on to the platform where they lined up beside the carriages.

It was a strange assembly, men, women and hildren of all ages. Old couples clasping their bundles tightly in their gnarled and grimy hands, ooking bewildered and a little frightened by what was happening. Youths in shorts and pullovers, ome hatless, some wearing caps of the same pattern the German soldiers wore in the Western Desert, confident and cheerful in their comprehension that at last they were free, that they ad passed the last barrier between them and a part of the world where they would not be perecuted because of their race; women and girls ll looking weary and travel-worn, with their hair hanging roughly about their ears, some attractive ven so to the eyes of those of us who watched hem, long deprived of the sight of European women. One old man carried a cage in which a anary perched. It was his only luggage, all that emained of the home he once had in Hungary. ome of the children began to cry but stopped when the crowd moved forward along the platform, alling into single file as they passed the tables. he soldiers from the trucks began to serve the ea and bread. One or two of the refugees spoke nglish and as they passed said "Thank you," roud of their vocabulary. Others expressed their ratitude in German or their native tongue, hewing hungrily at the bread and gulping down he hot tea. This was new to them, said the gency representative who stood with us beside he ambulance. Men in uniform were people to e afraid of in the country where they came from.

In the crowd on the platform were many of hose ex-labour camp men. Most of them had been liberated by Tito's army and gone back to Hungary only to find conditions there as bad for the Jews as they were in the camps. They were easy to identify as each had a big white star stitched on his tattered jacket, their faces were pale and their bodies thin and undernourished. Soup and bread once a day had been their only meal in the labour camps the interpreter told me. He himself had been fortunate as, being an electrician by trade, he had not been sent to a camp. Instead he had been allowed to work at a war factory until the purge came. One night he had gone home and seen the police standing outside his house. He knew what that meant. They were the only Jews in the street. A neighbour had told him that the police had already taken his father, mother and two sisters away, for "protective custody" they called it, and were now waiting for him to arrive back from work. He also knew what this "protective custody" meant, for everyone in the factory had been talking about it. A train packed with non-Aryans bound for no one knew where, a journey on a single ticket with only one possible destination. When he saw the police waiting for him he began to run back down the street, to run as far away as he could from his home. For a week he had hidden in a stable and then managed to get out of Hungary.

As we talked, an old man came up to the interpreter and asked him something in his own language. He replied to him and the old man went away. "He wanted me to ask you if you had seen his wife," said the youth to me afterwards. "Ever since he came on to the train he has been going around asking after his wife. He is, how do you call it—insane, a little. Of course none of us have ever seen her. She was not with him at the start of the journey. We can only guess what has happened." The youth began to ask me a stream of questions: How far was it to Tel Aviv? When would they arrive? What was the war news? Had Budapest been captured by the Russians? Could he write to his brother in Newcastle, England? Would they let him join the British Army and would it make any difference his being a Jew? When the sick had been dealt with they went back to their places beside the train. Eventually all the refugees were transferred to a new train, trucks lined with straw this time, the only rolling stock available. The new train moved off an hour later. The people waved to us and we waved back, feeling glad for them that they had started on the last stage of their journey into freedom. We closed up the ambulances and got ready to return to our hospital. As we left the station yard the driver of my vehicle said he'd been thinking. "Yer know," he told me, "every time I come on one of these jobs I always think of 1940. It might easily 'ave bin like that in England if Jerry 'ad invaded."

R. N. H.

CREAKING DOOR

For many years the front door has creaked and groaned as one opened it. In some places the old oak of which it is made has shrunk so as to admit all the draughts that have escaped from the cave of Æolus. Elsewhere the wood has swollen as a result of centuries of damp, so that the door could be pushed or pulled open only inch by slow inch. One had to treat it almost like a locked door which one was trying to break open, putting one's shoulder to it and giving it a series of violent shoves. Then, having made a chink large enough to admit a body sideways, one squeezed one's way in. I had become so accustomed to struggling with the door that when I returned home the other evening, lifted the latch, gave the door a powerful push, and found it opening as though it were as light as a feather, I almost fell on my face as a result of the energy of my assault. A carpenter had been at work unknown to me in my absence, and now the door was just like any other door. My first instinct was one of strong disapprobation; I had become accustomed to the old door and to struggling with it, and I did not like the commonplaceness of this new ease and smoothness. Or perhaps it was chiefly the newness that I disliked.

The human race may be divided into two classes—those who are biased in favour of newness and those with a prejudice against it. Most of us, of course, are drawn in both directions, not only at different times but often even at the same time. I, for example, have had a liking for many new things, from the New Jerusalem to the New Deal. From the New Year to the new moon, from a new life (which I have sometimes tried to lead) to new potatoes; on the other hand, even the most passionate innovators will call their dearest friends "old boy" and "old chap," and are seldom far behind the reactionaries in their appreciation of old wine and old masters. At the same time, the preference of change for the sake of change is as conspicuous a characteristic of some men and women as a preference for things as they are is of others. Apart from politics and a few such matters I should rank myself with the others. In the environment of common life I have only occasionally sought a change, a change for the better. As a child I grieved as I saw the closed range taking the place of the open peat fire in the country kitchen, and coal invading what should have been a permanent kingdom of turf. The smell of a turf fire, the glow of a turf fire, the enormous round, black, short-footed pots hanging over it from hooks, seemed as essential and eternal a part of country life as the cows in the fields and the honeysuckle and wild roses in the hedges. Then came the reaping machines which, in the hands of later inventors, became machines not only for reaping the corn but for binding it in sheaves. I should have liked to return to the days when nothing more modern than the scythe or the sickle was to be seen in the cornfields and when all labour looked, even if it did not feel, lovely. There was no notion in those days that the existence of the very horse on the farm was threatened—that machines would do even the ploughing and that the horse might one day become as extinct as the long-named prehistoric creatures whose strange shapes we see in the museums. Most men, I fancy—even most townsmen—would have looked forward with horror to a time when a farm would become little more than a factory, and the blacksmith, instead of making shoes for horses, would spend his time tinkering with tractors. Yet so lazy is man, so eager to save labour and time, that the triumph of the machine in the countryside has become progressively more assured. We who disliked all this have to admit, however, that in some places the country still retains some of the qualities of the country. In our fears we stick-in-the-muds are frequently half wrong.

Another thing that I regretted in the countryside was the disappearance of the old country road, deeply rutted with the side-to-side tracks of cart wheels. How pleasant it was to sit in a cart painted blue and red and to have one's bones shaken as it wobbled serpentinely along the uneven ruts! I have always wondered why W. B. Yeats thought of the creaking of a car as an ugly thing, as when he wrote:

> All things uncomely and broken, all things worn
> out and old.
> The cry of a child by the roadway the creak
> of a lumbering cart,
>
> . . . .
>
> Are wronging your image that blossoms a rose
> in the deeps of my heart.

In my ears the creak of a lumbering cart has always been music. Yeats, however, when he wrote this, had not yet heard the rattle of a motor lorry. The old rutted road, no doubt, was bound to go when once the motor overtook the horse. Its skidding surface in wet weather, its sharp-pointed, tyre-tearing paving stones, belonged to a vanishing age of iron-rimmed wheels. Hence, the smooth surfaces of modern roads with no elasticity in them for the feet of man or beast. Do I, however, honestly regret the change?

Only on a fine day I am afraid. Then the road seems lifelessly hard—a monotonous track that takes more account of the needs of machines than of the comfort of men and horses. On the other hand, when I walk home on a pitch-black night of incessant rain, when all the earth to the right and to the left of me is sodden, I cannot help thinking well of this mudless pathway with its even surface that neither befouls the shoes nor impedes the steps with invisible cracks and crevices. On such a night I have no wish to be back on the Cramahill road of my grandfather's time. I become a progressive as I progress homewards in so easy circumstances.

It must be admitted, however, that we who were born with a prejudice against change were precipitated into an age that was of all ages the most unsuited to men and women with such a temperament. Change moved for generations at about the pace of a Thames punt, till, in the nineteenth century, it suddenly acquired the speed of one of the new express trains. The inventors saw to it that no sooner had we become inured to one novelty than our breath was taken away by another still more ruinous of the old world. If I had been born before the invention of the railway train I should probably have been not entirely in favour of so grave a threat to the old stage coach, such as took my father to town and college. The railway train, however, had been so well established by the time of my childhood that it seemed almost as natural a part of the landscape as the mare and foal that cantered to the far side of the fields in terror of its approach. The smoke of the engine was no greater an offence to the country than the smoke from a cottage chimney. Besides, in spite of steam and speed, the country still remained a country of horses. Horses took one to and from the railway station and almost everywhere else that one wanted to go.

Of the many inventions that have succeeded the train I can think of none that I first heard of with whole-hearted enthusiasm. I marvelled at some of them, but there was usually something about them that I distrusted. Who that has ever seen a fishing fleet spreading itself out over the evening sea under sail, could fail to regret the coming of the more useful motor boat? The fisherman, perhaps, but not the spectator on the shore to whom sails had become as essential a part of ocean life as the sea birds. I have no doubt that the invention of the motor-propelled fishing smack was a good thing; but I confess the prospect of a sailless fishing village seems to me rather commercially squalid. I do not think, indeed, that the motor engine in any of its uses has improved the look of things. I accept it, of course, as the transcendental American lady accepted the universe, and I would not bring back a motorless world even if I could do so by pressing a button. If so many other people did not possess motor cars, I should probably even feel that there is something to be said for the motor car. How could one live in the country without one? And is it not pleasanter to ride to Hampstead in a taxi than to sit in a hansom cab behind a dispirited beast of burden that has to be whipped up the hills?

It is not only to the use of mechanical inventions that my conversion has been slow. I have had equally an initial dislike of many of the minor changes that, throughout life, have been thrust on me. I disliked wearing shoes instead of boots when shoes became the general wear. I disliked the removal of the handkerchief pocket from the inside to the outside of the jacket. I disliked the fashion of wearing the handkerchief up the sleeve. I disliked wrist watches. I disliked the appearance of the soft collar taking the place of the high, starched collar of my boyhood. I disliked new fashions in the arrangement of the hair, such as parting it in the middle. If I had been a woman, I fancy I should never have worn anything new-fashioned till it had already gone out of fashion. By that time I should probably—or at least possibly—have become reconciled to it and worn it with pleasure. Women appear to be much freer than men from the prejudice against change. They leave neither well nor ill alone, but, at the slightest temptation, set out with magnificent adventurousness in search of Newfoundlands. If we changed our politics at the rate at which women change their fashions we should live in a perpetual state of revolution and counter-revolution. Men have to be inveigled into allowing such small changes in their dress as an alteration in the number of buttons on the sleeves. Never would they permit the tailors to clothe them for a party in sleeveless tail-coats and in trousers that were cut off at the knees. What protests they raised only a year or two ago over so slight a matter as the prohibition of "turn-ups" on new trousers! Yet I remember the time when I thought the fashion of permanent "turns-ups" on trousers was contemptible.

Most prejudices vanish through custom. But with men of strong character, they may persevere for a lifetime and even be maintained through successive generations. In my childhood I knew an old gentleman who had an undying antipathy to antimacassars, which had probably been bequeathed to him by his father. He was a very rich old man with short white hair and a round, red, clean-shaven face, which always looked jolly except at sight or mention of an antimacassar. At bazaars and sales of work, word always went round from stall to stall: "Don't try to sell Mr. Campbell an antimacassar." It was believed that if even the prettiest girl offered him an antimacassar he would lose all self-control and create such scenes as had never been witnessed at a sale of work before, and would then call for his carriage and make for home, refusing to spend another penny.

Alas, I have none of this persistency. I always give in—slowly but surely. Once I almost became tolerant of spats. Chance invariably wins me, in the end, by the process of delayed action. . . .

Already I am beginning to feel half glad that the front door no longer creaks. Could infirmity of character go farther?

Y. Y.

ALFRED LUNT AND LYNN FONTANNE

How beautifully they act together, those bright particular stars! How finished their interpretation of character and situation! Their passion for detail, for the right small gesture, the quick telling change of attitude or voice, her unfailing grace, his realistic sincerity, are as delightful as ever to watch; and Mr. Rattigan's new play at the Lyric Theatre required every bit of fun and feeling they could put into it, or get out of it. For, in itself, it is a thin little play. Its theme wears thin before the end because he has used it only as a string on which to hang a series of ludicrous scenes. At these we know Mr. Rattigan to be a dab—recall his delightful *French Without Tears;* but, unfortunately, here he has chosen a theme for sentimental comedy, not merely for that natural farce in which he excels. Sentimental comedy though it must never dive, should suggest depths. Now *Love in Idleness* does not do that. If the dramatist had kept an eye on this theme, he would never have given his play that title, but called it something like "Sons or Lovers?" For the theme of the comedy is the dilemma of a mother who has to choose between a man she adores who can give her just the life she wants, and a son she loves. Olivia Brown is a charming widow of a doctor, with a craving for gaiety and position, a soft heart, a muddled head, a fibbing tongue and an incurable instinct to postpone painful decisions. (You can imagine how well Miss Lynn Fontanne gets her across.) Her lover is an elderly rich business man, to whom the war has brought Cabinet rank. Sir Thomas Markham cannot get a divorce while it lasts as that might injure his political reputation. But he appears to have been prepared to take Mrs. Brown to live with him in his fine house in Westminster where she is in her element telephoning, entertaining and making him very happy! Their relation, a fine marriage in all but fact, is well suggested both by the dramatist and the actors. We believe in their intimacy; in his acceptance of her with all her faults, in her devotion to him. Suddenly, her eighteen-year-old boy who has been brought up in Canada since the war began, returns to find his mother the mistress of a type of man he has learnt to mistrust and loathe. Michael Brown is an earnest adolescent whose thick young head teems with romantic Communism. Mr. Brian Nissen acts his awkward, inarticulate, unaccommodating violence very well indeed. Olivia has never given him an inkling of the change in her life. Sir Thomas foresees that there will be difficulties ahead. She can't bring herself to tell him even when they meet. The bewildered boy has to gather what he can about the situation. This is the substance of Act I, and it is most amusing; the perplexity of Michael, the embarrassed tenderness of his mother, and the awkward predicament of Sir Thomas who tries at first not to appear at home in his own house. Act II.—Michael has put two and two together and thinks of himself as a sort of Hamlet. He inveigles Sir Thomas's wife into the house in the hope of breaking the connection between his mother and an infernal representative of capitalism and corruption. To his dismay (this scene is most amusing) the two women greet each other with effusive politeness. But the dramatic pivot is missing from it. Save for a second when at the end of the act Michael buries his face in his mother's lap and she bends over him with tenderness, Olivia's love for her son is not made credible. And yet we have to believe it was strong enough to induce her to go and live with him in poverty and leave her adored lover and future husband and the life she revels in. Of course, it comes right. Sir Thomas wins Michael's approval by sympathising with his love difficulties and lending him a fiver to enable him to show off at the Savoy Hotel before his scornful fair one. There is no proper tension. The two sides of the tug in Olivia are not even temporarily balanced. Michael is too much of the rude young ass, and the audience has no reason to suspect that he could be dearer to her than her lover.

DESMOND MACCARTHY

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Ballet and Dance in the Film," London Film Institute Society at the Academy

On the first Monday of every month members of the London Film Institute Society are treated to a programme they would not encounter elsewhere. It may be an old film like *The Italian Straw Hat* one wishes to see again; it may be a film that for one reason or another has escaped general showing—*Strange Incident*, for example. And the past can be salvaged in other ways. Last week's programme was unexpected and exhilarating. The ballet theme took us from religious dancers in Northern India to Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers; and on the way there were the classical attitudes of *Swan Lake;* Chaplin manipulating his dance of the rolls from *The Gold Rush;* the first silly symphony—*Skeleton Dance*, a brilliant macabre invention, when churchyards yawn and the bone-rattlers do their turn; and two dance sequences, luridly effective, from films no one could want to see again—*On Your Toes* and *Cover Girl*. This journey from religious symbolism to sexual fantasy and melodrama should be enough to start even the most queue-bound imagination moving. In devising such programmes criticism performs its most useful function: that of compelling an audience to compare and select.

THE CORNER OF THE FIELD

Here the young lover on his elbow raised
Looked at his happy girl with grass surrounded,
And flicked the spotted beetle off her wrist;
She with her head thrown back at Heaven
  gazed,
At Suffolk clouds serene and slow and mounded,
Then calmly smiled at him, before they kissed.

FRANCES CORNFORD

Correspondence

PEACE PUBLICITY

Sir,—It seems hardly necessary to speak of the importance that attaches itself, at this moment in particular, to the files labelled "The Paris Peace Conference, 1919," and kept in the Foreign Office of each of the Allied nations. Reading these files, the historians are able to give a more definite answer than they have ever given us to the urgent question—what went wrong last time when we won a world war and lost the peace in Europe? Through reading these documents the public as well as the responsible statesmen may gain a new insight into the problems that beset the peacemakers—of yesterday as of to-morrow. Guidance thus gained may well help us to shape an enduring peace.

These are now available to the public—at least the American files are. Alone amongst the Great Powers the United States has thrown open its archives and begun to publish all relevant material about the preliminary work and the making of the peace settlement of 1919 itself. Four weighty volumes have been issued so far. They are full of the most important material, covering as they do an endless variety of questions, from Eastern Poland to the left bank of the Scheldt, from Trieste to Schleswig, from disarmament to reparation. This publication was indeed a great step forward in Mr. Cordell Hull's untiring efforts towards informing the public of the real nature of the peace problems. It has met with a fine reception in the United States. The study now being devoted to these thousands of documents might well result in far-reaching decisions (their influence on factual knowledge can be noticed already).

In this country, however, the opening of the American archives has been overlooked, studiously so, it seems to American friends of ours. It is true, the first two volumes were reviewed in the *Times Literary Supplement* and the *Manchester Guardian*, but except for the *Contemporary Review* there has been no reference to the third and fourth volumes. This appears the more significant since the earlier volumes deal with preliminaries only, whereas the later quote the Conference Delegates on the really important questions, i.e. on accepting mandates and rejecting annexation, deliberating on the Polish frontiers, on the Czechs and the "Sudetens," on the Italo-Yugoslav differences, etc.

It might be argued that, surely, there is no reason for suspicion here—the paper situation, the lack of American books. Unfortunately, this is not the whole story. Last year the Cabinet, as a kind of routine measure, decided not to follow the American decision to open the archives on the Peace Conference of 1919. Those members who would rather have followed the lead given by the U.S. State Department have since been disappointed in the strange disinterestedness shown by the press in this country. To forestall any possible criticism, moreover, the Foreign Secretary on March 29th of this year announced: "H.M. Government have decided to publish the most important documents in the Foreign Office archives relating to British foreign policy between 1919 and 1939." And it has since been announced that Professor E. L. Woodward, the editor chosen by the Foreign Office, will be ready to issue the first two volumes for 1919 and 1930 by the end of 1945.

The fact is, however, that he has not been authorised to publish anything that could shed light on the making of the last peace settlement. The Foreign Office documents, in truth, will begin after the peace treaties had been agreed upon. The documents now promised, valuable as they will be, are thus merely the counterpart to the American "Papers relating to the Foreign Relations of the United States," a series which has just reached the year 1929, and will thus be complete down to 1930, when Professor Woodward's first two volumes become available.

The story does not end here. Clearly it is for the British public, the House of Commons and the Cabinet to decide about the publication of the archives concerning the peace settlement of 1919. Bad blood, however, is bound to be created if the American publication should be held up because of British resistance. This is precisely what is now being said in Washington. Volumes five and six are ready but cannot now be published because H.M. Government objects, a friend wrote me from Washington. "You are quite right," he added, "the records of the Big Four are not to be published now. His Britannic Majesty's Government objects."

In the interest of Anglo-American relations—to say nothing of the interests involved in an enduring peace—this objection should never have been raised. Having been raised, it should be withdrawn. After recantation, there must be repentance. Only the opening of the British archives on the peace settlement of 1919 can put right what has been allowed to go wrong.

Diplomaticus

POLICE AND PUBLIC

Sir,—Two friends of mine were arrested from their own home one evening recently by the police and charged with larceny and receiving. Released on bail they answered next morning at the police court. The police asked for and were granted a fourteen days' remand. Bail was not opposed but, owing to a misunderstanding by the bailer, one of the prisoners was returned to the cells and would have remained in custody for the fourteen days had not bail been later forthcoming.

The story they told me of their arrest was such that I just could not believe that the police would arrest two persons and proceed with a prosecution on what appeared to be such flimsy evidence. I believed that my friends were not telling me all they could.

I attended the hearing and, to my great surprise, the case the police presented for the prosecution at the end of the fourteen days was identical (excepting in a few unimportant details) with the story my friends had told me, no more—no less! At the conclusion of the police evidence and without calling the defence, the magistrate dismissed the case. Several acquaintances who had attended the hearing had, as an expression of their satisfaction at the outcome of the case, said to the discharged prisoners, "My, you're lucky," tacitly implying unconvicted guilt. I was rather impatient and I said, "There's no question of 'lucky' about it, no magistrate would have convicted on such flimsy evidence."

The disagreeable aspects of this case, and doubtless it is typical of many other police prosecutions, are several:

(1) On the most tenuous suspicion, the police did arrest and deprive of their liberty, two citizens.

(2) Without offering any *prima facie* evidence of guilt but merely for the asking, the police were granted fourteen days' remand, and but for the bailer the two prisoners would have been deprived of their liberty for fourteen days.

(3) A remand is granted to the police in order for them to collect evidence and to complete their case. In the fourteen days at their disposal it would appear that the police collected no new evidence (thereby failing to justify their application for a remand) for the evidence of the police witnesses was the same as the story told to me by my two friends following their arrest.

(4) The two prisoners, discharged, suffered the humiliation of arrest, police interrogation, police court proceedings and remand, with all its attendant anxieties of uncertainty and waiting to persons unaccustomed to police prosecution. No costs against the police were awarded them for this frivolous prosecution, notwithstanding the fact that they had to meet a solicitor's bill for the defence, beyond their means, together with loss of earning time. To cap it, the local newspaper, despite their discharge, reported the prosecutions and mentioned their names and address, to their chagrin.

The privilege which the police enjoy in respect of arrest and remand, places the ordinary citizen at a great and unfair disadvantage.

Particularly in the matter of remand, there should be

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ROUTLEDGE

prima facie evidence produced to satisfy the Court that a remand is in fact warranted. Police courts are courts of summary jurisdiction and frivolous remands are not summary justice

London, S.W.9 VERNON ELLIOTT

DEMOBILISATION

SIR,—The Government's White Paper on Reallocation of Man-power is grossly unfair to those who were in the Army at the start of the war (militia, T.A. Volunteers) then aged 19, 20, 21 or 22. Despite the fact that they have been in the Army five years—in many cases, overseas and fighting for much of that time—all those who were called up in 1940 and early 1941 (after the call-up was accelerated) except those called up on reaching military age, take precedence over them.

How would you feel if you had been in the Army five years and overseas for three (fighting most of the time in Africa, Sicily and Italy—and *still* fighting) when you learned that a mere 1½ million or more men were to be demobilised before you? About 700,000 men are to be released in the first year, so you would realise that about two years at least must pass after the defeat of Germany before your turn for release comes?

The plans of other countries so far made known are based as follows :—

America: Length of service, length of overseas service, length of combat service and number of children.

Canada: First in—first out.

Australia: Length of service, with points for age and number of children.

How is it that Britain alone is demobilising primarily on age? Length of service should and must be given priority in Britain as elsewhere. Demobilise those with five years' service in descending order of age if you like; but *everybody* with five years' service should be demobilised before *anybody* with only four or three years' service.

It's no use saying a man aged 25 with five years' service is equal (at one year for two months) to a man of 31 with four years' service. The man of 31 was 27 in 1940 when he was called up and has done 4¼ or 4½ years.

I personally know of Americans who are on their way home having completed their tour of overseas duty—two years *in London!* This is a United Nations' war: let us have greater equality of conditions of service.

The American demobilisation plan is the fairest possible—but Canada's and Australia's are much more fair than Britain's. Why should this be?

GUNNER

BACKWARD AFRICA

SIR,—The anti-African sociologists have shown considerable industry of late in finding causes for African backwardness, and arguing that these place obstacles in the way of African autonomy.

These causes are not new; they have been discussed for over 200 years without the slightest intention of altering them; and they will continue to be discussed for centuries more if the present politico-economic regime maintains its sway. The imperial authorities express their desire to effect the necessary changes in Africa, but the changes envisaged by them are not realisable except as the sequence of fundamental changes at home.

The question of African reconstruction can never become a dynamic reality until the imperial authorities have altered their emotional and intellectual attitudes towards the Africans. The present ancient system which recognises the Africans everywhere mainly as hewers of wood and drawers of water, or as the professional inferiors of European officials with whom they hold equal (or higher) qualifications, is, at bottom, related to those mental and psychological attitudes which characterised the slave trade.

The British rulers of Africa have the same mentality as the slave-owners of 300 years ago. Although they differ greatly in their methods, yet their good or ill treatment of the Africans has its parallel in the slave trade, because the circumstances which determine the relations between the rulers and the ruled are essentially those which govern the relations between master and servant.

There is always a convenient tendency on the part of anti-African anthropologists to lose their objectivity, and to think of African issues and reactions as though they bear no relevance at all to the attitudes and national habits of the ruling power. The transformation of Africa is a bilateral phenomenon. It is not only the Africans who have to change for the better, but the ruling power has to alter as well. It is obvious that British colonial authority as it is now constituted is in the main only capable of ruling. It has little or no inherent inspiration which can make a reality of the African evolution which its protagonists claim for it.

In order to show the need for British rule, the Empire-conscious anthropologists relish the fashionable, and perhaps remunerative habit of parading African backwardness in the most squalid and pessimistic colours. A similar misplacement of emphasis was characteristic of the insensitive but humane thinkers of the pre-abolition era, who ignored the fact of slavery, while they condemned the cruelty of whipping slaves.

KOJO-OW DZIFA

CAIRO CENSORSHIP

SIR,—Mr. Philip Jordan's article on Greece in your last issue is apparently intended to convey the impression that all news about Greece at the present moment is subject to British censorship and consequently suspect. With considerable skill he contrives to convey this impression without adducing a shred of evidence. Consider the following sentence: "The British Embassy to the King of the Hellenes is itself permitted to censor all despatches which deal with Greece." The use of the present tense can only be designed to confuse and mislead the unwary reader, who will naturally assume that all press messages from Athens are submitted for censorship to the British Embassy.

What are the facts? All that Mr. Jordan says about the "sevenfold censorship" relates to the situation in Egypt some months ago when the Greek Government was there. As Mr. Eden stated in the House, there is no political censorship on press messages from Athens.

WALTER HOCKLER

[Mr. Jordan's point was that throughout the long series of intrigues to foist the King and a reactionary government upon the Greek people, the British public has been prevented by seven different censorships from learning the true state of affairs.—ED., N.S. & N.]

BEVERIDGE FOR THE PEOPLE

SIR,—I was recently asked to talk to a voluntary Discussion Group in North London, which group is sponsored, in some curious way, by the M.O.I.

I suggested "Beveridge and the Ten Commandments" as a title, but I am now informed by the Secretary, "The M.O.I. under whose auspices this group meets does not allow discussions to be given on Beveridge." This seems strange in view of the title of the Ministry, and also the fact that the Army, even at a time when it would not allow an A.B.C.A. pamphlet on Beveridge, still permitted those of us who were civilian lecturers to talk about his plan.

Battersea Vicarage STEPHEN HOPKINSON

LANDSCAPE VERSE

SIR,—Miss Cressida Ridley in her review of John Betjeman's and my anthology of *Landscape Verse* says that we include "about fifty writers." The number is, in fact, seventy-three. She resents the inclusion of poems by Keble because they "barely constitute landscape poetry," and she resents the absence of Herrick and other poets of the seventeenth century. Where, I wonder, in Herrick or even in Browne of Tavistock or Milton will she find poems that do constitute landscape poetry if Keble's don't?

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Become infected with the virus of haste, and however gifted you may be, your writings will not last even the poor span of your own life. High-mindedness, truthfulness, missionary zeal have no strength to embalm; style alone resists the iniquity of oblivion. (Has any ill-written book survived two centuries, except the Greek Testament? And this becomes magnificent in the Vulgate and the Authorised Version.) But if you preach perfection to the young writer, *novumque prematur in annum*, he will, if lettered, riposte with another schoolboy tag from the same source, *Vitae summa brevis spem nos vetat incohare longam.* Nine years, indeed! Why, he may be killed to-morrow, before he is delivered of his message of salvation. So off to the printer goes the poem or the novel, and it sells as briskly as if every word in it had been painfully winnowed, the fall of every sentence rehearsed by a pernickety ear. Why vex oneself with considering posterity? Simplified spelling will soon come to make all old books impenetrable except to a few such specialists as now read Anglo-Saxon; and for that matter broadcasting may make obsolete the use of print. With all the resources of applied psychology at their disposal, the governments of the future should be able to extirpate the critical faculty which turns too easily from the arts to politics. Why, then, presume that posterity will possess good taste?

However unfounded this presumption, it has become habitual; and despite myself I cannot help imagining writers hundreds of years hence poring over a Twentieth Century classic entitled *The Unquiet Grave*,* and admiring in it, the mirror of their own preoccupations. Most readers, now or in the future, will be only cross at what must strike them as morbid and anti-social. The artist has licence to amuse or to excite, but if he exposes his essential nonconformity he is asking to be persecuted. "That's telling secrets," was the arch reproof given by Hopkins to Patmore, who at once burnt the offending manuscript. The author of *The Unquiet Grave* is open to the same charge. Symmachus himself, cut off by the rising tides of Christianity and barbarism, was not more islanded and unfashionable.

Palinurus, the pilot in the *Aeneid*, fell into the sea, carrying with him the tiller and a part of the stern. Was the laziness of sleep to blame, or subconscious hatred or the cruelty of the gods? Our author, believing that the only function of the writer is to produce a masterpiece, has for similarly obscure reasons neglected this starboard task; and his book is "an experiment in self-dismantling, a search for the obstruction which is blocking the flow from the well." It provides a self-portrait, built of reflections and maxims upon religion, love, politics, nature and art, of quotations from congenial authors, and of remembrances from the author's past. A castaway thrown as jetsam on an enemy shore, Palinurus alternately bends over a rock-pool to confront his own image, and lifts a searching gaze to the horizons of the past and future. It is by copying out a number of passages that I can best warn the majority of readers against a book to which a fond few will addictedly return.

> When I consider what I believe, which I can do only by proceeding from what I do not believe, I seem in a minority of one,—and yet I know that there are millions like me: Liberals without a belief in progress, Democrats who despise their fellow-men, Pagans who live by Christian morals, Intellectuals who cannot find the intellect sufficient,—unsatisfied Materialists, we are as common as clay.

But this predicament (less common than Palinurus supposes) is aggravated by a neurotic consciousness of guilt. "Three faults, which are always found together and which infect every activity,—laziness, vanity, cowardice." (Untrue, I suggest, since the brave and the industrious can be vain, and the modest cowardly.)

> When I contemplate the accumulation of guilt and remorse which, like a garbage-can, I carry through life, and which is fed not only by the lightest actions but by the most harmless pleasures, I feel Man to be of all living things the most biologically incompetent and ill-organised . . .

He feeds his self-contempt with quotations from the most misanthropic of all great artists, Pascal, and looks for further enlightenment to Freud.

> The secret of happiness lies in the avoidance of Angst (anxiety, spleen, noia, guilt, fear, remorse, cafard). It is a mistake to consider happiness as a positive state. By removing Angst, the condition of all unhappiness, we are then prepared to receive any blessings to which we are entitled.

But you generalise from yourself, we again protest, there are other unhappinesses beside *Angst*: but our author has gone on to particularise causes and temporary cures for *Angst*, to explain why it has become endemic.

> We live in such a desperate age that any happiness which we possess must be hidden like a deformity, for we know that, although our nature revolts, we can create only through what we suffer. . . .
>
> Civilisation is maintained by a very few people in a small number of places, and we need only a few bombs and some prisons to blot it out altogether.
>
> The civilised are those who get more out of life than the uncivilised, and for this the uncivilised have not forgiven them. One by one, the Golden Apples of the West are shaken from the tree.

Opium beckons, suicide tempts, till the author discovers his prototypes, Chamfort, victim of the same predicament, and Sainte-Beuve, who reveals the way of escape.

> I feel like a cringing dog kicked about in a crowd, which, running down an alley, finds there silence, an apprehension of revelation, and then round a corner comes suddenly upon a huge dark doggy statue, a canine colossus, from another age; awe-inspiring and faith-restoring, lending him courage and wishing him well.

This fortifies him with courage to conjure his own past. "Streets of Paris, pray for me; beaches in the sun, pray for me; ghosts of the lemurs, intercede for me; plane-tree and laurel rose, shade me; summer rain on quays of Toulon, wash me away." And he rediscovers the possibility of happiness.

> July: Once more the bold Dragonfly of pleasure has brushed me with its wing. Divine Sainte-Beuve,—"L'epicuréisme bien compris,"—and Hume, the Northern Epicurus. Late June, July and early August, fruit-eating months when the English become callous, pleasure-ridden, amorous and Elizabethan. It is necessary. After the long suicidal winter Pleasure comes to rescue us from the desert island of the ego, and gives us two months' leave. Good-bye sick Pascal and his mouldy troup; gaunt Kierkegaard, hunch-backed Leopardi, wheezing Proust and limping Epictetus with his Open Door! Midsummer greetings to La Fontaine, Congreve, Aristippus, Horace and Voltaire! Good-bye morning tears, "All-is-lost," never-again, doubt, despair! Welcome cheese-breathing hangovers, tipsy mornings for gargling poetry, asparagus afternoons, gull's-egg evenings, affection slopping over into gossip, who-was-there's and ring-a-ling! Taoism at last rewarded! "Flower of the Quince," . . . Hour of the Broad Bean.
>
> If all the world loved pleasure as much as Palinurus there would be no wars.

Imagination he defines as nostalgia for the past, the absent; and this nostalgia, cause of so much anguish, is also the source of art. Flaubert—Saint Flaubert—brings further illumination: "La mélancholie elle-même n'est qu'un souvenir qui s'ignore." So our author uses the therapeutic powers of memory in a series of evocations, Paris, St.-Jean-de-Luz, the Ile de Gavrinis, Houlgate, Kitzbühel, Cannes.

> Early morning on the Mediterranean: bright air resinous with Aleppo pine, water spraying over the gleaming tarmac of the Route Nationale and darkly reflecting the spring-summer green of the planes; swifts wheeling round the oleanders, waiters unpiling the wicker chairs and scrubbing the café tables; armfuls of carnations in the flower-stalls, pyramids of aubergines and lemons, *rascasses* on the fishmonger's slab goggling among the wine-dark urchins; smell of brioches from the bakeries, sound of reed curtains jingling in the barber shops, clang of the tin kiosk opening or *Le Petit Var.* Rope-soles warming up on the cobbles by the harbour where the *Jean d'Agrève* prepares for a trip to the Islands and the Annamese boys scrub its brass-work. Now cooks from many yachts step ashore with their market-baskets, one-eyed cats scrounge among the fish-heads, while the hot sun refracts the dancing sea-glitter on the café awnings, and the sea becomes a green gin-fizz of stillness in whose depth a quiver of sprats charges and counter-charges in the pleasure of fishes.

Yachts, gin-fizzes? The confessor and the commissar shake their puritanic heads. But needlessly. For how empty, how tiresome, were the yacht-owners; and the gin-fizzes were nothing but a link between the jealousies and frustrations that they banished, and the hangover doldrums that they left behind. "Art is memory; memory is re-enacted desire." Add that art bowdlerises memory, and that memory is an Ophelia that turns hell itself to favour and to prettiness. The sweet past we yearn for was never present to us, and we enjoy the image of it as we never continuously enjoyed the reality. Anxious Palinurus has reached the same solace as wheezing Proust.

But he does not fail to hear the commissar.

> Well, which side are you on? The Corn Goddess or the Tractor? The Womb or the Bulldozer? Christ, Freud, Buddha, Bakunin, Baudelaire, or Marx, Watson, Pavlov, Stalin, Shaw, Wells, Beveridge and Bernal. . . . We need men like you in the Group Age. Will you take your turn at the helm as you used to?

Palinurus faces the challenge.

> And I answer a seven-fold "No" to your question: A physiological no, because I am not a cell but myself. A biological no, because a specialised mutation from the norm indicates the richness and vitality of the species. A sociological no, because those who lack the herd-instinct are generally in advance of the herd, which is always conservative, stupid, intolerant and bourgeois. A psychological no, because those who have been all their lives used to intellectual isolation are those best fitted to remain isolated; they grow adjusted to their maladjustment. A political no, for England will remain the smallest of the great powers, and so must depend for her survival on qualitative standards. An aesthetic no, because the practice of literature is still best carried out through the individual unit. An ethical no, because I do not "find fulfilment through participation in the communal life of an organised group"—that is tyranny—but in the pursuit of art and knowledge and communion with the Bourgeois formalism of Nature. To sum up: I agree with Flaubert, "A mesure que l'humanité se perfectionne, l'homme se dégrade."

And so we approach the conclusion.

> . . . nothing can be accomplished without fanaticism, and without serenity nothing can be enjoyed. Perfection of form or increase of knowledge, pursuit of fame or service to the community, love of God or god of Love,—we must select the Illusion which appeals to our temperament, and embrace it with passion, if we want to be happy. This is the last autumnal precept which Palinurus has salvaged from his receding nightmare. "C'est là son fin mot."

The book is rounded with an epilogue in which the Palinurus myth, which furnishes an elaborate but unobvious pattern to this record of a year, is discussed in mock-psychoanalytical style.

Neurosis vanishes, we are told, if once its causes are made real to the patient. Similarly Palinurus, in course of explaining why he has failed to be an artist, has produced a work of art. I have tried, like the authors of the notes in concert programmes, to select the more important recurring themes, and to sketch the construction. But the potency of the work depends upon development, variations, counterpoint, contrasts in texture and tempo, alternations of *pp* and *ff*. *The Unquiet Grave*, described by its author as "a word cycle," betrays throughout a solicitude for the *mot juste* such as seldom harasses writers born in this century: not an epithet or an adverb but has been selected as the happiest of a dozen candidates. Palinurus is enchantingly clever (and how much more, more habitable this island would become if cleverness were less generally despised). He is soaked in literature,

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* *The Unquiet Grave.* By Palinurus. *Horizon.* 15s.

Latin, French and English. He is blissfully responsive to nature (particularly to beasts and fruits), to history, and to the visual arts. (Music he never mentions, yet the numinous which is a part of his quest is nowhere more manifest than in the constructions of an Orlando di Lasso, a Mozart and a Fauré.) He is above all conspicuous for the dire penetration of the gaze he turns upon himself. La Rochefoucauld and La Bruyère, his ancestors, doubtless learnt from the scrutiny of their own hearts, but they never confess as much. And the masters of autobiography, from Augustine to Rousseau and Gibbon, offer only portraits of a *persona*, the image that a man likes to present of himself. Elderly readers, otherwise the best qualified to relish the exquisitely mandarin style, may be put off by the author's use of the Freudian hypotheses; but it is this, I think, which gives such courage to his candour. Lacking Grace to be either Catholic or Communist, Palinurus is doubly outflanked. His book, distressing and delicious, expounds the nature of that sacred monster, the artist. Another secret is out; something is added to what we have learnt from Flaubert and Renard and Gide. Trumpeting of the rogue elephant? Braying of the unfertile mule? Such will be the judgment of the innocent, the hearty, the devout and the envious. But some of us must welcome with wondering gratitude this unknown brother who catches the heart with his penetration into anxieties akin to our own. And when he tells of his vivid lemurs, his blessed journeys to the sun and his departed loves, we bless him for the tears of desiderium set free by his cadences in our too long resolutely arid eyes.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

NEW NOVELS

The Golden Fleece. By ROBERT GRAVES. *Cassell.* 12s. 6d.

Young Bess. By MARGARET IRWIN. *Chatto and Windus.* 9s. 6d.

The Skaters' Waltz. By ELIZABETH KYLE. *Peter Davies.* 9s. 6d.

There is, all the same, much to be said for the historical novel. In size, in length and in frequency this species of escapist literature has increased greatly with the war, and it has perhaps for this reason become a little fashionable to scorn it. "Never history and seldom a novel" we cry, turning a tired epigram. Yet, practised assiduously throughout the last century, the historical novel (usually instructive and often entertaining) has become in fact a very English form of fiction. It is a highly respectable tradition, that of the English historical novelists: Scott, of course, and Kingsley, but also the authors of such books as *John Inglesant*, *The Queen's Quair*, *The Children of the New Forest*, *John Halifax, Gentleman.* And the giants, the real giants—George Eliot or Dickens—did not disdain to try their hand at describing a dead age. The works that go to make up this corpus of English historical fiction are now mostly read by the very young, but none the less they still perform their useful function of giving pleasure, even if we cannot rate them high in the scale of artistic achievement. As Mrs. Craik and Charles Kingsley well knew, the construction of an historical novel is no light undertaking, but imposes upon the writer a burden of conscientious research almost as weighty as that of the biographer or historian. This burden is sometimes shirked to-day, but it has at least been manfully shouldered by Mr. Robert Graves, as his lengthy preface to his new version of the story of the Argosy makes plain. Mr. Graves, who recently wrote a popular novel about Milton, has now happily left Seventeenth-Century England for that ancient world in which he has already shown himself to be more at home. On this occasion his journey into time has not been halted in Claudian Rome, but has carried him back through Greek history to emerge into the age of the myths, the age of the Golden Fleece and the Minotaur. It may be his very habits of diligent research that have impelled Mr. Graves to try to rationalise these myths, to identify Jason's route and to determine the nature and significance of the Fleece. Many readers, especially those nurtured on *Tanglewood Tales* and *The Heroes*, will resent this anxiety to pin the butterfly to the drying-board. Others, glad to know that Chiron was not a centaur after all, may like this variation upon the old rules of debunking and will let themselves be beguiled by the sheer excitement of the immortal course of the Argonauts' adventures. I fancy that Mr. Graves writes objectively for his own particular public, and that he is aware that this public is not interested in a splendid mythology, but prefers to know that bunches of fine goose-feathers hung upon the walls of the lavatories of Lemnos. And at least he does not try to jazz up Greek psychology, and does succeed in making convincing that pagan sense of doom, that canopy of superstitious fears beneath which the early Mediterranean peoples moved.

It is hard to estimate just how much research went to the writing of *Young Bess*, although its author acknowledges her debt to the Seymour papers, and would seem from internal evidence to have used the calendar of State Papers for 1547–48 and to have looked at contemporary portraits. I well remember one hot August afternoon when as a schoolboy I was forced to watch a cricket match and whiled away the time upon the grass by a surreptitious reading of the current best-seller—Miss Irwin's book on the Court of Louis XIV, called *Royal Flush*. Alas, I do not think that even a bored schoolboy would find much to satisfy his truant mind in her new book, a conversation piece of the Tudor Court in the year of Henry VIII's death, with Elizabeth's abortive love-affair with Thomas Seymour (the Protector's gallant brother) as its centre of interest. The Tudor Age, to-day one of the most inscrutable in all our history, should be approached with circumspection by any writer who proposes to re-create it. In particular the strange short reign of Edward VI, when behind the hard implacable façade of theology so many rival family interests and dynastic ambitions strove and struggled, should be treated with peculiar care. This cold interlude between the reign of Henry VIII and that of Mary could form a subtle subject for a novelist of discretion and sensibility. Relying upon the later Holbein drawings, and upon the stiff calm Flemish portraits of the Fifteen-Fifties, the Court of Edward VI could be beautifully reconstructed, with all its heavy formality, its respect for kingship, its politicians who were tough and yet Italianate in the manner of Thomas Cromwell. The precarious quality that the king's ill-health consistently lent to his shadowy reign could be emphasised and the result, in fact, might be an exciting, chill, chiaroscuro book. But Miss Irwin, determined to show that the Tudor royal children and their cousins were as dull and bouncing as any suburban family to-day, misses this opportunity. She tramps robustly through the privet walks of Catherine Parr's Chelsea manor house or under the Hatfield elms, driving her loud-mouthed characters before her down White Hall galleries like a farmer's wife driving the geese. Convinced of certain facts (that Princess Elizabeth, for instance, owned a golden pomander) she works these, as the saying goes, to death; we never wish to hear of a pomander again. Her characters lack gravity and conviction. Her central figure is indeterminate. Her scandal about Queen Elizabeth very cheap scandal indeed.

The Skaters' Waltz is inspired by an excellent idea—the description of the careers of five of the many English governesses who set out from the Pension Swann (an English agency) in Vienna in the last century to take up positions upon the estates of the nobility of the old Empire. The first story in the book concerns the misguided selection of Miss Evans to look after little Marie Wetsera and prevent her seeing the Archduke Rudolf. Other and happier stories deal with the Hungarian plains, the forests of Poland and the Tyrolese mountains. The whole book is unpretending and businesslike; a little synthetic and unfelt, perhaps, a little like a book made up from other people's diaries or old newspaper cuttings; but nevertheless amusing, lively. And why should novels about governesses have such an unfailing appeal? Is it an acquired taste, an inheritance from the Brontës? The Brontës did for the governesses of their day what Dickens tried to do for the poor. But the governesses, it is recorded, were very angry and did not want pity or sympathy at all.

JAMES POPE-HENNESSY

DANUBE INQUEST

The Danube Basin and the German Economic Sphere By ANTONIN BASCH. *Kegan Paul.* 18s.

There were quite a few people besides the Germans who used to regard the Danube basin as Germany's legitimate sphere of expansion. Germany, it was felt, was the natural market for the products of the Danube basin, and she alone had the drive and the ability to "organise" its resources. Left to their own devices, the countries concerned would remain incompetently run and backward. One had only to look at their economic history between the two wars, with its inflations and slumps and the weaknesses and bungling that led up to the loss of their economic and political independence.

But if the sequence of disasters experienced by the Danubian States was unique, so were the problems that faced them after World War I. Parts of the Austro-Hungarian Empire (not to mention Serbia, Bulgaria and Roumania) belonged to the most backward regions of Europe. In 1913, average national income per head in Hungary, for instance, was less than a quarter of the British. The new countries that emerged in 1918, had, moreover, passed through an exhausting war (the third, in close succession, for the Balkan States) and were now faced with quite unprecedented problems of readjustment. Time and a reasonable measure of external economic stability were required to create a new balance. In view of the speedy onset of the world slump it is, if anything, surprising that so much progress was, in fact, achieved.

The excessive protectionism of the new "Succession States" has often been blamed for their difficulties. But if Austria and Czechoslovakia were anxious to develop their agriculture, and the other countries to initiate at least a modest programme of industrialisation, this was largely dictated by the new protectionism *outside* the area. Moreover, the failure to develop schemes of preferential trade relations within the Danube basin was due at least as much to German and Italian opposition, ably seconded by revisionist Hungary, as to any lack of good will of the countries concerned.

Germany's share in the foreign trade of the area was substantial throughout the Twenties. In 1929-30 it amounted to close on one-fifth of the total, and to almost one quarter of the Danubian cereal export. When, therefore, Germany adopted a policy of extreme agrarian protection in 1929, and especially after 1933, the Danubian export trade became badly unhinged. Austria and Czechoslovakia, unable to maintain their agricultural exports to Germany or their industrial exports to the Balkans were, in turn, compelled drastically to reduce their purchases from the latter. Before the crisis they used to take no less than one-third of the Danubian cereal exports. Italy's "battaglia di grano" added further to the Danube basin's troubles.

Strenuous but fruitless attempts were made in the early Thirties to devise some means of increasing agricultural exports both within the area and outside. The introduction of the bilateral trade and clearing agreements, which were coupled with substantial export subsidies, could neither prevent *de facto* depreciation nor, on the other hand, solve the foreign market problem. Their net effect was to raise prices above the world price level and to divert trade from the "free payment" to the "clearing agreement" countries. At the same time these arrangements probably did permit of a rather greater measure of domestic recovery (especially in the industrial sector) than would have otherwise been possible.

Meanwhile, Germany's rearmament programme had got into its stride and shortages of raw materials and foodstuffs were making their appearance. In initiating her new trade drive in the Balkans Germany used her bargaining power as a large market to the full. Soon she was taking the bulk of their staple exports at guaranteed prices, usually at rates of exchange which greatly overvalued the mark and always within the framework of clearing agreements. Credit balances—forced loans in effect—began to pile up in Germany since exports were generally only made available when the Germans could spare them. By 1937, Roumania, Jugoslavia and Hungary depended for one-fifth to one-quarter of their total exports on Germany, Greece for almost one-third, and Bulgaria for over two-fifths. Germany's share in the imports of these countries was even greater. After the annexation of Austria and the occupation of Czechoslovakia Germany accounted for nearly half of the aggregate trade of the region. She increasingly compelled the Balkan countries to produce the goods she needed, and to sell them on steadily more unfavourable terms. She retarded their industrialisation as well as the diversification of their agriculture, and diverted her own inflationary pressure to them. Such were the blessings of the "New Plan."

Was there an alternative? Professor Basch suggests that international action could have done much, in the early Thirties, to alleviate the problem of foreign debts and agricultural export surpluses in the Danube basin, especially as the amounts involved were tiny when viewed on a world scale. Later, again, a slight increase in the share of Balkan exports in the foreign trade of the Western countries could have done much to prevent the tie-up with Germany. But Germany's "special interests" were recognised "in the interests of peace," and she was given a free hand.

Professor Basch is not concerned to produce a blue-print for the future. He favours some form of preferential trading in the Danube area but does not believe in the panacea of regionalism. Development there must be in the backward parts of the area—presumably along the lines sketched out in the forthcoming P.E.P. report—but always within the framework of an expanding and multilateral world trade. There are many products which can only be obtained from the Western countries or from overseas; and to be able to pay for these the Danube countries must have an opportunity of exporting to the West. It should be remembered, not least, that "only a powerful and balanced economy can provide the region with a basis for a defence against future aggression."

T. PRAGER.

TO START YOU WRITING

How To Write. By STEPHEN LEACOCK. *John Lane.* 8s. 6d.

Is Professor Leacock going to be funny or is he going to be serious? Betwixt and between, the schoolmaster's manner. He wanders into the subject like a teacher and somersaults out of it like a clown. The subject is an impossible one. Writing can be taught, but only to the teachable, to those with the temperament. And certainly the art of writing must be learned; most writers spend every day of their lives learning it, because what is learned one day is forgotten the next. Every story writer has to learn how to write a story, all over again, every time he starts. For his one or two successes he must reckon on a dozen failures marked by the most elementary errors. Professor Leacock takes one of his own failures as an example of how not to write a certain story. And what is true of stories is true of all other kinds of writing.

The initial difference between the practised writer and the beginner is, as Professor Leacock suggests, that the former writes from where he stands. He does not strain to be a step beyond himself. He is not trying "to be a writer," that is, other than what he is. In one of the earlier chapters of this book, which are the least entertaining, but the most instructive, Professor Leacock places two crucial quotations side by side. Mr. X is *talking* about his early life. He says, quite unselfconsciously:

> Our farm was 15 miles from a high school and it was too far to walk and I didn't see how I could manage to go, and I couldn't have, but Uncle Al (he was the one who had gone out West) heard about it and sent me 50 dollars. . . .

Not very good, but it is a real voice. Now Mr. X thinks he will write:

> Our farm was situated some 15 miles from the nearest emporium of learning, to wit, a high school, a distance beyond the range of Shanks's mare, the only vehicle within the reach of my family's pioneering resources. . . .

The fault of Mr. X now is that he is using somebody else's voice, not his own. Yet it is difficult to persuade Mr. X that this is so. For the moment the desire to write arises, the desire for a personal style arises with it. And when I read those excellent recommendations to read Bunyan, the Bible, and all the masters of direct, simple narrative, I come to the conclusion that our teachers discourage us and put our backs up, by making us submit to a general convention, when our own healthy vanity tells us we want to make a style of our own. Simplicity, directness, economy—those are the virtues of old age. Debauch the young on words; encourage the excesses of style; for until a writer discovers his own style, the world is a blank. There are no subjects in it. There is nothing to be made clear and simple. I think many young writers would be better off if they were encouraged not to write what is called good prose, but to record talk or conversation which often has the complexity of a personal style in it.

The trouble is that an approved formal manner or fashion no longer puts its stamp on the English we use for the ordinary purposes of life. In the seventeenth and eighteenth century, the diplomat, the administrator, the scientist, the business man had one manner of writing laid down for them. It was a fashion for educated men. This manner degenerated into the debased and verbose post-Augustan prose of the mid-nineteenth century—a prose which has disappeared from newspaper leaders and is revived chiefly by writers of letters to the editor—and since then educated English has dissolved into the jargon of the professions. A whole treatise on intellectual and social isolation might be based on these comic quotations of Professor Leacock's.

A young man in the Foreign Office writes:

> The unity of view of the participants in the conversations has been established regarding the exceptional importance at the present time of an all-embracing collective organisation of security on the basis of the indivisibility of peace.

Books on economics are full of such ironmongery, and science puts a chromium plating on it:

> Are we quite sure whether the newly emancipated woman has secured for herself a harmonious psycho-physico-logical equilibrium?

The plain world of business has felt an inferiority before this kind of jargon and in the advertising man has found a new and mincing "précieuse ridicule."

> I tried to contact him but he was in conference.

Years ago, one would have got in touch with him at the meeting. This new rubber-stamp English of the administrators, with their blurred and blob-like minds, has conquered at the very

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* For 'Virginia' Smokers

time when informal manners and American slang were cleaning and pointing spoken English. In time natural, clear written English looks like becoming a dying dialect.

In his chapters on historical writing, on the problem of dialogue in the historical novel, on oaths, pronouns and humour, Professor Leacock writes with precision But he mixes his precision with too man easy jokes of the Yankee-at-the-Court-of-King-Arthur kind. The would-be writer is guided adroitly to the centre of the problem and then left in the wilderness to find his own way out.

The professor's may be called the kidding method of teaching. But there is one small and important piece of advice. The would-be writer's difficulty is not merely *how* to write but *what* to write. Useless to tell him to write about what he knows, what he sees in his daily experience, what he really thinks for himself. He strains his eyes, gazing straight ahead into an empty world. The trouble is, as Professor Leacock says, that he does look straight ahead. Not the prospect before us, but what is seen over the shoulder, is the subject. It is an aspect, an accident a variation, something oblique, not the complete thing. Our subjects follow us about like dogs; we have only to look behind us. The subject is not Factory Life, for example, but The Man I See Out of The Corner of My Eye in the Factory. The popular journalist and Henry James both teach us the rewards of obliquity

V. S. PRITCHETT

TWO MISCELLANIES

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The Saturday Book, edited by LEONARD RUSSELL. *Hutchinson.* 15*s.*

Orion is a new periodical, edited by Rosamond Lehmann, Edwin Muir, Denys Kilham Roberts and C. Day Lewis. "If it has a bias," they declare, "it is towards the written and away from the improvised, towards the imaginative and away from reportage." The poets in this first issue make a grand showing—Walter de la Mare, Valéry—a dazzling translation of the *Cimetière Marin* by Mr. Day Lewis, Edith Sitwell, Stephen Spender, Edwin Muir, Pasternak—translated by Mr. Bowra, William Plomer, Andrew Young, Margiad Evans, John Lehmann and Henry Reed. In prose we have Rose Macaulay on *Southey in Portugal* (a delight, though it is shocking that so staunch a guardian of English as Miss Macaulay should write Coruña instead of Corunna (would she commit herself to "Lyon," "Livorno" and "Blindheim"?); John Piper on Seaton Delaval and John Russell on Courbet; Frank O'Connor's *choses vues* in Connemara; a story by Mary Macrae; an account of life in the East End by L. R. W.; a "personal impression" of L. H. Myers by Walter Allen; a selection from Kafka's Diaries and Notebooks translated by Willa Muir; a brilliantly written extract from Leonard Woolf's Memoirs; and a conversation between Miss Compton-Burnett and her friend Miss Jourdain, which may be applauded as the superlative "scoop" of the volume. No other miscellany has been launched with so large and inspiring a crew. The quality of the contributions is remarkable; each writer is at the top of his form. The article on L. H. Myers is rather disappointing, since it never faces the criticism that his political convictions spoilt the last volume of his Indian novel. And the whole periodical is printed on disagreeably shiny paper, which does not even reproduce the photographs successfully. Otherwise *Orion* must be greeted with entire applause, and we wish it all the prosperity that such discriminating editors deserve.

Every unclassified anthology is bound to be more or less haphazard and varied in content, and *The Saturday Book* is no exception. Indeed, one feels that the editor has not taken sufficient advantage of this fact. Its content is varied in the sense that it has no central theme or method of treatment, but there is a uniformity about it, a lack of contrast, which makes the book a great deal less lively than it might have been. The best sections are the pictorial ones: the "Entertainment Album," illustrating amusingly, somewhat *à la Liliput*, English manners and customs, the photographic illustrations of domestic architecture and the colour-plate reproductions of fourteen English paintings. The short stories are competent but undistinguished. Among the rest of the contributors (the list of names is quite formidable!) H. E. Bates is interesting on the future of the countryside and Tom Harrisson (of Mass Observation) on that of the city, but neither discloses anything very new or uses arguments that have not been heard before. The most interesting and amusing items, both to be found in the "end-papers" printed in double columns on the last 33 pages, are Tom Hopkinson's *Notes from the Conversation of Two Children*, and Daniel George's acidly witty pastiche on *The World of Fiction*. It is a good book to find in the guest room of a country house or to borrow for a train journey, but at the price it is not really one of those books that you must buy.

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Week-end Competition

No. 778

Set by G. W. Stonier

The usual prizes are offered for a poem in rhymed couplets on January. Limit, 20 lines. Entries to be received by January 8th

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 775

Set by Joan Mair

George Moore's house in Ebury Street, recently repaired after bomb damage, is now a ladies' hat-shop. The usual prizes are offered for extracts from a conversation (250 words) in which Moore and one or more of those friends who regularly attended his "evenings" discuss this metamorphosis.

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Report by Joan Mair

Competitors were apparently somewhat scared of George Moore, for very few attempted this competition, and of those who did several seemed to be writing with a quavering pen. Perhaps it was awe of the Master that deterred them? That would have pleased Mr. Moore, whom William Bliss quotes as saying (indicating by the spelling his adenoidal tones): "I admit of no creatoids of gedius except my owd. And I have never seed ady reasod why wobed should wear hats." But the rest of this entry wandered from the point and must be disqualified, as must Allan M. Laing's charming idea of introducing Mr. James Laver to Paradise Avenue:

Laver : . . . A pretty woman's presence is the best substitute for witty talk. But do you think a pretty woman's at her best when she is buying a hat?

Moore : I would not think so, perhaps, if I were a milliner. As a man, I find even the stupidities of a pretty woman charming.

And so on; but I wanted the old gang, and I suggest that a first prize of two guineas go to L. E. J., and the rest be equally divided between M. J. James, Leslie Johnson and Sir Robert Witt, who between them have caught something of a mixture of Moore's prose style and the spirit of *Avowals*.

Dear Edward holds that talk about women's hats is a matter for penance, but letters have always been sacred to him, and he bravely declared the shop to be an abomination.

"But Edward," I said, "why is it more abominable for women's hats to be displayed in the house of a writer in Ebury Street than for Cardinals' to be exhibited in a Basilica?"

"I know the worth of that kind of talk, George."

Yeats, who hung suspended over the muffins like some gigantic bird of prey, began to caw, but his cawing could not smooth Edward's ruffled feathers, and to spare the dear fellow's feelings I began to speak of the hat which Manet painted on the silken head of Madame du Bellay, creaming his paints into beautiful curds. But Yeats is not interested in Manet, and, thinking again of the shop, I told of the hat which Elizabeth wore so prettily as the solitary adornment of her young nakedness.

"Mon ami Moore! Mon ami Moore!"

"Then, Edward, as you prefer it, let us talk of that other hat I saw worn by Cléo de Mérode driving with her royal lover under the chestnut trees, when spring came to Paris in 1899."

The mention of spring always brings down a celtic twilight upon Yeats, and he presently began to murmur, and when Yeats murmurs Edward believes that the true fount of poetry is about to bubble forth, and, leaning forward over his great sagging belly, he motioned for silence. L. E. J.

Moore : Your mention of Ebury Street, now in the hands of a *modiste*, by strange association of images recalls my story of Steer's Greek coins—you remember the story? Alas, it recalls, too, my Aubusson carpet and the lyre-shaped clock, the hands of which pointed to eleven when I held forth to Tonks and M'Coll about Steer's Greek coins . . .

Jacques Blanche : I should forget about the Aubusson. I think it would have been blitzed and probably burned had you remained in Ebury Street. Was not A. E. on the point of asking you to burn it? You told him to look up at your pictures, your Manet and Berthe Morisot, instead.

Moore : Ah, yes, Steer's taste was, after all, Greek taste, of Macedonian Greece, it is true . . . yet M'Coll got a first at Oxford and the Newdigate . . .

Blanche : Ebury Street reminds me of my *Bandbox* of letters, yours and those of Henry James and Sickert.

Moore : Alas! for me this *modiste* by another strange association of images, a product of the Fisher-Butler schemes of education, reminds me of the mediocrity of English taste—Alas! here it is "*L'art, c'est la femme.*"

Blanche : You might have added the story of Dujardin and his reply to you at my house: *que c'est impossible de dégouter Wagner.*"

Moore : Ah, yes, perhaps. I am glad I have never wanted to die in Ebury Street. Ebury Street is a long and lack-lustre street . . . I would still die where I began . . . in France!

Blanche : Yes. I well remember those words of yours in Ebury Street: *Why make yourself miserable over the War?* But we have just escaped yet another war . . . M. J. James

Moore : A strange thing it seems to me, the more as women have learnt to do without hats, having gotten a taste for scarves and kerchiefs, that a shop should now be opened by a—— by a——

Freeman : A *modiste*.

Moore : Who, as I was once moved to proclaim, is a milliner, not a dressmaker. Where is this shop?

Freeman : In Ebury Street.

Moore : If it lighten that long, lack-lustre road, it will be justified. And the number?

Freeman : 121.

Moore : This is a mock.

Freeman : It is true.

Moore : But my Aubusson carpet, my Manets, my books! Where are they?

Freeman : They were blitzed.

Moore : Moore Hall over again! So they were struck by lightning and destroyed?

Freeman : No, no, they were damaged in the air-raids.

Moore : I dare say I am pedantic, but *blitz* is a German word meaning *lightning*. I know I once advocated Teutonising the English language, but I would do so correctly. Must the words we use be always lacking in character and honesty? I recall how I vainly tried to induce polite society to give up saying *stomach* for *belly*. Now it will not face *stomach*, descending to *tummy*. But we were speaking of my old house. This is sad news of its faring.

Freeman : Your hero St. Paul would not say so. Every milliner's shop in the country must be a source of rejoicing to him now that the very bishops of our Church are constrained to admit bare-headed women before their altars. Leslie Johnson

Moore : Welcome to the countryside and my new home. Ebury Street has left me.

Tonks : Don't complain. You always called London a fool's paradise!

Steer : Anyhow there is more to paint here.

Moore : But I gave up painting long ago. Didn't I tell you how, as a young man, I threw down my brush and said "Never again!"? Surely you remember? Let me remind you.

Tonks : No, don't trouble. I gave up doctoring before I became a painter. Not because I was a failure, only because I wouldn't cultivate a bedside manner.

Moore : Otherwise, when you retired to your country estate, you would have called it *Bedside Manor*.

Tonks : How ghastly!

Moore : Well, now there have been what Burke called "Reparations upon mighty Ruins," and I have been succeeded by a hat-shop.

Tonks : Would you call that success? A man's hat-shop?

Moore : Not so. My bachelor home is now a ladies' hat-shop. I would write a novel about it only it would be too *décolleté*.

Steer : Some of my best portraits owe everything to the hat.

Moore : Yes, and do you remember my Paris poem on a picture that might have been one of yours, Steer, only it wasn't?

"Sa pensée est dans cette main
Dans sa pose et dans son dessin . . ."

Tonks (interrupting): Degas was the man for ladies' hatshops. I tell my Slade pupils to paint hats as he did, instead of wearing the hats he painted. but they only burst into tears.

Moore : That's England. Give me Paris!

Sir Robert Witt

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FABIAN Entertainment and Dance. Royal Hotel, Woburn Place, W.C.1. January 6th, 6.45—11 p.m. Refreshments and Bar. Tickets must be obtained before the day from 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

Exhibitions, Lectures and Meetings

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ETHICAL Church, Queensway, W.2. Dec. 31st, 11 a.m., A. D. Howell Smith: "The Hebrew Prophets."

PUBLIC Lecture on Theosophy, U.L.T., 17 Gt. Cumberland Pl., Marble Arch. Every Sun., 7 p.m. Dec. 31st, "The Turn of the Cycle."

PUBLIC meeting on "India—Present and Future," Jan. 5th, Conway Hall, 7 p.m. Spkr.: Horace Alexander. Organised by Socialist Vanguard Group.

COMMON Wealth: Brains Trust on "Is there an Alternative to Socialism?" 6.30 p.m. Jan. 8th, St. Barnabas Schools, Pimlico Rd., S.W.1.

"CHRISTIANITY: Its Failures and its Greatness." Mrs. E. A. Gardner. Theosophical Soc., 50 Gloucester Place, W.1. Dec. 31st, 3 p.m. Collection.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Meetings, 11 a.m. Dec. 31st, Joseph McCabe, "The Old Year and the New."

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QUEEN'S University of Belfast. Chair of Economics. Senate will shortly proceed to appointment of Professor of Econs. in University. Sal. £1,200 p.a., and successful candid. if not already member of Federated Superannuation System for Universities will be reqd. to become member, expected to take up duty October 1st, 1945, but if on approved Nat. Serv. he may be allowed to defer doing so until released from such duties. 9 copies of applics. and testims. by March 31st to, and further partics. from, Richard H. Hunter, Secretary.

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BOROUGH of New Windsor. War-Time Nurseries. Applics. invited for posts of (i) Deputy Warden and (ii) Nursery Assistant at Windsor Nurseries. Sals. will be governed by recommends. of Rushcliffe Cttee. Pref. given to applics. who hold recognised trng. cert. or who have had considerable hospital exp. Applicn. forms from J. W. Hambidge, Town Clerk, 14 Park St., Windsor.

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AGENT. Windsor Divisional Labour Party invites applics. for post of full-time agent. Sal. in accordance with National scale. Partics. and application forms from Sec., 5 St. Andrew's Ave., Windsor.

WANTED Pitman shorthand expert to decipher short notes on genealogy, individual style. Old Manse, Haverhill, Suffolk.

TECHNICAL assistant reqd. by woollen yarn spinners. Perm. prog. post. Full details to G. & H. Roberts, Ltd., Holmbridge, Yorks.

WANTED, nice woman to run cottage for two ladies, undertake first baby later. £100. Box 6910.

Appointments—continued

ENGLISH Translator wtd. for German book. Fair remun. guaranteed. Box 6963.

CAPABLE woman wanted as part-time assistant to owner-manager of London retail business. Exp. not essent., but applicant must be keen, adapt., conscientious. Write age, full details. Box 6808.

WANTED, dependable invoice clerk. Apply by letter to Secretary, British Drama League, 9 Fitzroy Square, W.1.

MOTHER'S Help required after Xmas or at once by Officer's wife. Boy 2½, baby 3 mths. Small hse. bus route edge town and cntry. 65 mls. N. London. Write suggesting date could come for interview. Box 6920.

MARKET Research. Women Investigators required for occasional work in London & Home Counties. Apply Box 6925.

WESTON-super-Mare. Comf. home offd. return help hsework/shopping. Box 6945.

EX-Schoolmaster desires pt.-tm. wk. at home. Copying, revising, summarising, etc. Reliable, careful worker. Box 558, Aldridge's, 1, Whitefriars St., London, E.C.4.

POSITION of responsibility, trust reqd., 34, LL.D., French, German, some Italian, Spanish, shthd., typing, driving, wide managerial, sec. exp., travelled extensively. Box 6891.

LADY, 26, reqs. post. Good educn. Knowledge French. Business trng. State whether reserved occupn. or not. Box 6893.

EXPERIENCED Lady Teacher of French and German desires position in private school. Write Box 6906.

ARTIST free 1945 decorate canteens, offices; estimates free. Consider appointment with Decorators. Box 6916.

YOUNG man, educated, militarily exempt, requires post, few hours daily, driving licence. Apply Box 6927.

WILL someone please give employment to woman, 33, intelligent, adaptable, 10 yrs.' business exp. Left with 2 small girls. Go anywhere, do anything. Box 6930.

LANDWORK reqd: Craftsman (C.O.), leaving rescue serv. 1 yr.'s prev. exp., used tractor. Pref. Surrey/Home Counties. Box 6938.

YOUNG lady 1 week free beg. Jan. seeks interesting work cntry, farming, stenog. (lit.). Suggestions, Box 7140.

LADY Sec. (30) exempt, well-qual. prof. exp. Excel. refs. Know. Fr., Span., sks. perm. post, gd. conditions. London. Box 6976.

ITALIAN (Native). Prof. trnsltr., very accurate, undertakes homewk. Box 6968.

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BROOKLANDS. Crowborough 299. Pre-prep. Nursery School. All year home. Sound Education and Training. Health excellent.

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SHERWOOD School, Epsom (1925).—A co-educ. commun. aiming at indep., init. and friendliness. Sch., Higher Certs.; boarding, day (exc. centre for Wimbledon, Sutton, Kingston, Leatherhead). Emergency accom. Safe area. Parkgate, Cheshire.

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Personal

PROG. landlord sks. enterprising tenant, co-operate bringing up to date good sml. farm nr. Banff coast. Attractive possibs. for mod. rent., outlay. Box 6951.

REFINED lady in pt.-tm. job sks. comf. rm.; in return cooking dinner for single person. Excel. cook. Box 6949.

GERMAN Causerie, convers., talks, class reading. Miss B. Mautner (Austrian), Lecturer, Marylebone Lit. Inst., 248 Marylebone Rd., N.W.1. Tues., 6.30—8.30. 2s. 6d. per term.

GERMAN lessons, conversation, corresp. and translations by yng. German. Box 6398.

PSYCHO-analysis. Personal and Marriage problems. Child Guidance, Industrial Welfare organisation. Alys Moore, Medical and Industrial Psychologist, 77 Stanley Rd., Quinton, Birmingham 32. Woodgate 2186.

BETTER race relations. Racial Relations Group (Inst. of Sociology) works for this object. Partics.: Sec., 22 Grosvenor Ct., W.3.

"YOUR Mind and How to Use it." New revolutionary method by W. J. Ennever, founder of Pelmanism, short postal course, 6 lessons, 30s.; pamphlet free. Ennever Foundation, Vernon House, Sicilian Av., W.C.1.

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Personal—continued

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WANTED. Encyclopaedia Britannica, 14th; Children's, 10 vols.; Chambers' recent. Highest prices paid. Foyle's, 121 Charing Cross Rd., W.C.2. Gerrard 5660.

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SYLVIA Pankhurst writes from Addis Ababa in *New Times* and *Ethiopia News*. Weekly 2d. from Newsagents or 3 Charteris Road, Woodford Green, Essex.

M.P.'s should be immune to pressure from any party, financial or other sectional interests which might affect their primary duty to represent the will of their constituents. Under existing system only Independent M.P.s can fulfill this obligation. Inserted by Non-Party League. Write for programme to Sec. Hopedene, Warwick Rd., Holmwood, Surrey.

Readers' Market

FOR SALE: Complete unused sets of Cambridge Modern History, 13 vols., £4 17s. 6d.; History English Literature, 15 vols., £3 15s.; Italian, Spanish, German Grammars, Readers; classical piano music; classical gramophone records; Portable Wireless, £12; Regulo Gascooker, best offer over £8; Brown winter coat, new, £8 offer.

WANTED: Edward Glover: any books; Julian Huxley's "Uniqueness of Man"; Jewish Encyclopaedia; Books on Classical, esp. Baroque, Architecture; "Community Centres" for Fabian Lecture; Press cuttings relating to Yugoslavia 1941/1942 (urgent); Child's High Chair, adjustable if possible, not utility, price moderate; Child's small tricycle.

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MAN, about 40, wishes share his Chelsea service flat with another for 3 *gns.* p.w. References exchanged. Box 6978.

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